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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During last week-end the centre of interest on the Western front passed for a time from the Somme to Verdun. The position on the right bank of the Meuse since 1 July has been full of possibilities, for our Allies have had to guard themselves against a renewal of that concentric attack on Souville Fort which had pressed them heavily in the last days of June. If they could regain ground in the woods east of Fleury, recover Fleury and Thiaumont, and better their lot westward to the wood of Vacherauville, they would profit to the full by the Somme battle; and soon they began to gnaw and nibble at the German lines. But it was not until 1 August that fierce fighting developed between Vacherauville Wood and Fleury; while in Chénois Wood, east of Souville, a German attack was beaten back. By the evening of 3 August the French had carried their lines from the west and south-east into Fleury village, and had improved their position westward as far as Vacherauville.

The Germans counter-attacked by night, and a furious combat went on between Fleury and Thiaumont, in the course of which the enemy got a foothold in the southern part of Fleury, and bombarded our Allies out of Thiaumont, which they had taken by assault. But General Pétain had the position well in hand. His offensive had gained ground at all points, and excellent work was done during the week-end. The French continued to advance north-west of Thiaumont, and on 4 August they retook and held Thiaumont Work itself, and only the south-western corner of Fleury village was retained by the enemy. Several German counter-attacks—preceded by violent bombardments—raged here and there along the line to Vacherauville, but in vain. On Monday our Allies made a step forward south of the Thiaumont Work, and won some ruins in the western part of Fleury, besides routing a German movement in Vaux-Chapitre Wood. Since then there has been much hard pounding, with ups and downs of fortune; but the French have passed through temporary setbacks into a strengthened position.

The operations on the Somme continue to be progressive. On the night of 4-5 August, north of Pozières, a strong local attack, in which the Austrians took part, broke through the German main system of defence in the second line and captured some trenches on a front of more than 2,000 yards, holding them also against repeated counter-assaults. When these gains were added to those of the previous two days, our line north and west of Pozières had been carried forward about 500 yards through 3,000 yards of the enemy's labyrinth of trenches. Our artillery shelled Courcellette, north-east of Thiepval, and Miramont, about two miles north of Courcellette, causing big explosions in both places; and ten gun emplacements, with three ammunition stores, were destroyed. Last Sunday, in the early morning, the Germans tried twice to retrieve their fallen fortunes beyond Pozières. By the use of liquid fire they drove our men back in one trench, but their advance ebbed, and our men recovered all but forty yards. In the afternoon, east of Pozières, some progress was made along trenches towards Martinpuich. On Monday the enemy tried repeatedly to recover lost ground; at times he entered our trenches, but was driven out again at once, losing heavily. Later news from Pozières marks a gradual advance, slow but sure; and on our right flank big efforts are being made to capture the fortress village of Guillemont.

It has been a great week for Italy. After more than a year of patient bravery her troops on the Isonzo have won a real triumph, capturing Monte Sabotino and Monte San Michele, and entering the town of Gorizia. On 5 August General Cadorna masked his intentions by attacking the Dobordo plateau between Monte Sei Busi and Monfalcone. Next day his offensive began in earnest, and the Austrians seem to have been taken by surprise, for their strongholds were cracked like nuts, and Gorizia fell on Wednesday morning. Our Southern Allies have taken a host of prisoners, with large quantities of war material. One great part of their work is done, and now they have to encounter the Carso

plateau—a natural fortress of vast strength that stands between them and Trieste.

Everywhere, happily, fortune is a foe to Austria. South of Brody, in Galicia, General Sakharoff's troops advance on the line of the river Sereth, despite rainy weather and a difficult country of mountains and ravines. He presses ever more and more on Bothmer's left flank, while another Russian army, under General Lechitsky, operating on the southern side of the Dniester, threatens his right flank by drawing close to Stanislaw. Lechitsky moved steadily forward on a front of sixteen miles, taking many prisoners and occupying more than seventy-four square miles of territory. He has won the bridgehead of Nizniow, where a railway connecting the two parts of Bothmer's front crosses the Dniester, and has reached the railway junction of Chryplin, on the main line to Lemberg.

A Turkish army, about 14,000 strong, has been defeated in Egypt, with the loss of 3,145 prisoners. At midnight on 3-4 August it began to attack our positions near Romani, east of Port Said, and 23 miles east of the Suez Canal. It advanced on a front of from seven to eight miles, and tried also to envelop our southern flank. The frontal affair failed, and the flanking movement, after being lured into sandhills, was broken up late in the evening of the 4th. Australian and New Zealand mounted troops held the flank and pursued the enemy for about eighteen miles, showing their habitual energy and steadiness and initiative. Scottish and Lancashire Territorials, with Warwick and Gloucester Yeomanry, did equally well, manœuvring over the heavy sand with cool precision and bearing like veterans the heat and fatigue. Monitors from the Bay of Tineh took an effective part in breaking the Turkish assault. Some Germans were captured, and some mountain guns and machine-guns. In the earlier serious attack on the Suez Canal—3 February 1915—the Turks employed about the same number of troops, and were defeated near Toussoum, the centre of the Canal.

It is a relief to turn from the dissensions and muddles of the many talkers of to-day to the glorious and resolute deeds of our splendid soldiers. Last Monday the list of new V.C.'s showed how high valour and self-sacrifice can reach. Lieutenant Arthur Batten-Pool, severely wounded by a bomb, continued to cheer and direct his men. Urged to retire, he refused, and later, assisting in the rescue of the wounded, was further wounded himself. Yet with indomitable spirit he walked unaided to within 100 yards of our lines. Lieutenant Richard Brandram Jones, holding a newly captured crater, was attacked by overwhelming numbers. He shot fifteen of the enemy, counting them aloud to cheer his men, and was throwing a bomb when he was shot through the head. But his courage so inspired his men that they would not give way, and threw stones and ammunition boxes at the enemy when nothing else was left to use. On another dangerous crater Sergeant John Erskine rushed out under incessant fire and rescued a wounded sergeant and a private, and, later, ran out when his officer, believed to be dead, showed signs of life, bandaged his head and remained with him for a full hour. Captain Leslie Green sacrificed his life in saving an officer out of the enemy's wire entanglements, and, himself wounded, dressed his wounds in a rain of bombs and grenades. Private Procter went to two wounded men in the open 75 yards in front of our trenches, got them under cover, dressed their wounds, and left them some of his clothing. Private Stringer, when his battalion was forced back, saved many lives by keeping the enemy at bay single-handed.

Private Chafer, severely wounded, saw a man who was carrying an important message half buried by a shell. He took the message out of his comrade's pocket and under heavy fire succeeded in delivering it before he collapsed. Sapper Hackett, entombed by the ex-

plosion of an enemy mine, helped out his companions when a hole was made, but refused to take his own chance of escaping as there was a seriously injured man left with him. Major Rees, while flying, actually tackled ten hostile aeroplanes at once. He damaged three and dispersed six of them in the fights which ensued. Then he gave chase to two others until he was wounded in the thigh and lost control of his machine. Even so, he righted it, attacked at a range of a few yards, fired all his ammunition, and landed his machine safely in our lines. Such odds in this newest form of warfare are worthy of the knights of old. What can one say worthy of men like these?

We are tired of the name of Herr Harden, the German free-lancing journalist, who is quoted in this country almost regularly once a week, together with his periodical, "Die Zukunft", in order to show that Germany is now realising her evil condition and must soon be on her knees. Harden has once more this week had a great advertisement in the type of London newspaper which announced in May 1915 that Germany was "hungry", and which cleared Constantinople of the Turks about the same time. As the "Times" well pointed out last Wednesday, the "pessimistic" article by Harden advertised in London papers this week was actually written in September 1914, not in August 1916! It is the same article served up afresh, the "Times" remarks. The truth is, these extracts from Harden's two-year-old "pessimistic" articles are quoted in this country chiefly by those papers and politicians here who have been wrong about virtually everything in the war so far: who announced there was to be no war, and shrieked against effective preparation against the Prussian peril, and who, when the war did occur, for the best part of two years bitterly opposed all steps towards organisation and efficiency.

The people who are now serving up Harden's two-year-old articles as signs to-day that Germany cannot hold out much longer are the same people who raged furiously when the last Government had to be displaced by a Coalition, who fought "conscription" with the utmost rancour for over a year, and finally only gave in when it was inexpedient in their own interests to oppose any further, seeing that, with the exception of Sir John Simon, their own leaders had given way to national necessities. They are the trench-starvers, half-fighters, and No-Conscriptionists of the first year and a half or so of the war. They have not changed their colours, but have merely, for expediency, put these colours out of sight. They are among the people who will be a drag on, and a danger to, this country when the time for settlement does come.

To kill down the Germans by shell, bomb, rifle, grenade, and machine-gun fire and by the bayonet—this is the real business of the Allies on the Western front to-day, the one and only way to win the war. Many people who are sensitive would prefer not to face this grim truth, and would talk round it or wrap it up in some euphemism. But no use is served in this matter by euphemism and evasion, which can only spread a false impression of the work before us.

Fully a year and a half ago we pointed out, in opposition to the speech of a leading Minister in the last Cabinet, that the war could be won against Germany and her group only by soldiers in a land campaign. That statement, resisted in various quarters, was strictly true, and to-day those in authority and out of authority alike, who understand the position at all, recognise not only that we must win by battles on land, but that we can hope to reach our goal only by killing down very great numbers of the enemy. Thus in Belgium and Northern France we have to reduce enormously the army of some two and a-half million Germans before we can confidently begin to talk of the end. Only by constantly bearing these prodigious

figures and this prodigious task in mind shall we understand the folly of quarrelling at home over comparative trifles, and of spending our energies in public life on anything but the work of helping the efforts of our armies.

On Tuesday last, in the Commons, Mr. Hayes Fisher made the best of the muddle into which the question of war pensions has fallen. Public opinion will not tolerate a repetition of the disgraceful indifference shown after the Boer War. This is not a matter in which the Treasury can be creditably stingy, and it is satisfactory that Mr. McKenna's original offer of a million has now gone up to seven and a-half. The charity of voluntary effort is a noble thing, but it is apt to put its recipients into a humiliating position and to insist on some regulation of their lives. This cannot be tolerated when our soldiers and their families are receiving what is only their due. The pensions are a debt which the Government owes, and which the Government, as far as possible, ought to pay.

Mr. Duke took his seat this week on his re-election and was warmly cheered. It is a courageous thing for a man of his time of life and peaceable experience to play the Quintus Curtius. We wish him all success. Lord Wimborne has returned to the Lord Lieutenantcy—a mild surprise after the Prime Minister's prediction. We wish him well also: we cannot say more power to his elbow, however.

We have differed profoundly more than once from Sir A. B. Markham, M.P., who died this week; but his integrity was above dispute, and we believe that his motive was always patriotic. The opinions of a man are not so important as the motives of a man, though they stir far more passion in the world.

Anyone, whatever his record or aptitudes, is good enough to become a Minister of Education. That seems the cynical view of recent years, while responsible men are urging that sound teaching is the one thing that matters. Now that Mr. Henderson has given up a post to which he could devote only part of his energy, we ask for a Minister of Education who will give his entire and undivided time to the subject. Surely Mr. Asquith sees the importance of the point, and he will have ample public backing.

A great deal has been said during the last fortnight, and in a vein of natural and just indignation, about keeping a record of German crimes, bringing to trial, and judicially punishing individual criminals concerned after the war. Also many schemes towards punishing the Germans in a mass after the war for their craftiness and immorality in preparing a war against Europe are being suggested. We have heard, through the "Morning Post", of Lord Kitchener's plan; but there are many others. For example, some people would completely boycott the goods of the Germans henceforth; others would restrict their movements outside a kind of fenced-in Germany, "a compound" Germany; whilst others, again, would forbid the Germans after the war to communicate commercially, or enter into business, with people outside Germany. As we say, all these schemes and suggestions towards causing Germany to wear henceforth a scarlet letter, as well as for drastically penalising her in other ways, are natural, and they well show the widespread horror of German crime and bestiality to-day—for intellectual, as well as unintellectual, people here, and possibly among our Allies too, are in favour of punishments of the kind—rods in pickle, to be laid on at the close of the war.

But we believe that, on the whole, the best practical working plan of punishment will be to conquer the German armies with absolute thoroughness, and to dictate severe peace terms. The Allies ought to secure

all the indemnity money they possibly can out of the Germans. Besides, they ought to strip them of the best part of their Colonies—or, perhaps, of the whole of their Colonies. The Allies might, with advantage, relieve them of their Navy, or what may remain of their Navy at the close of the war, of course; make them disgorge the whole of Belgium, Northern France, Poland, Serbia, with Alsace and Lorraine; prevent anything like another working arrangement between the so-called Central Powers; fine Bulgaria, the treacherous ally of Germany, very severely; and remove Constantinople from the Turkish sphere. These would be substantial and useful punishments for the Germans, and would serve to prevent a recurrence for a long time indeed of their crimes and plots against the liberty of the world.

Finally, it will be of the highest value, for this same purpose, to consolidate the British Empire by: (1) Giving it one grand scheme of Imperial defence based on the noble and essential principle of National Service; and by (2) giving it a full and scientific tariff. We may depend on it that the best safeguard against German aggression, the best insurance for a long peace—we do not say for perpetual peace, for that is arrogating the province of the Almighty—is a consolidated, firmly-linked British Empire—one Fleet, one Flag, one Throne, and one Tariff. That will be the practical way to punish German plots and crimes and to prevent their repetition.

The kill-joy seems to be on the war-path again. Drink and dogs are among his special aversions. He would deny the dog its bark and the man his beer. Just at present the anti-dog man, who wants to economise our food supplies by abolishing the canine race, is quiet; but his anti-drink brother is at work again, signing and spreading throughout the country his tirades against any and every form of alcohol. Whilst the hater of dogs tries to push his programme of prohibition by the economy argument, the anti-drink man is trying to push his programme of prohibition by the argument that alcohol means less national efficiency. The one argument is about as good as the other, and about as generous. We should like to know what these total prohibitionists in alcohol are doing in regard to food. Lord Kitchener particularly urged the public at home to be sparing of articles of food which are essential to the armies. Meat was, and is, one of these articles—we suppose the chief. Can many of the total prohibitionists by Act of Parliament, who are now signing papers against drink, declare that they are restricting themselves to, say, one meat meal in the day? It would be interesting to have some evidence on this point.

The truth is there are many workers, hard brain workers, for instance, among them, to whom a moderate amount of alcohol is an absolute necessity of life: they cannot labour to the full without it, though they may be able to live on half, or even a quarter, the amount of meat and other solid foods which teetotallers need, or believe they need. Before the country allows itself to be rushed into any total prohibition scheme it will do well to examine closely into the total prohibitionist's bill-of-fare and find out how many meals he is taking in the day, and what total weight of food he is consuming, particularly meat.

Mr. John Murray has done a real service in denouncing in the "Times" the earsplitting noise made night and day by those who whistle for taxicabs. Now, when even the healthy lose their sleep in the strain of these distressing times, and when London is full of wounded soldiers, who need rest above all things, this nightly inferno of catcalls is an outrageous scandal; and must be stopped. At least it should be allowed only within stated hours. If the present legislation is ineffective against these selfish offenders, the Home Secretary should see to it.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE GREAT PRACTICAL THESIS OF EMPIRE.

EVERY Government and every leading article should in all matters of moment have a thesis, and this thesis should be always clean-cut. It is said that over the doors of some of the most successful business firms in America is printed in bold type, "Get on, or Get Out". It might be well to put over some of our Ministers' doors in war-time the words, "Be Clean-cut". It is because a clean-cut thesis has often been so remote from Ministerial deliberations in two years of war that the nation has suffered from drifting and indecision. Thus there was the absence of anything like one plain thesis, firmly advanced and resolutely adhered to throughout, in regard to the question of recruiting. The statesmen drifted and the country drifted, in sympathy with the statesmen, over the question whether it ought to be and whether it would be the so-called voluntary method or the so-called conscriptionist method. Assuming there was a thesis at all for months and months, we might almost say for years, of wobble and waver, it seems to be best expressed by the word "If". The man in the street and the man in the Cabinet were rather like the village maid who plucks a daisy, and to find out whether she is to be wedded or not and when, pulls off its petals, inquiring: "This year, next year, now or never?"

The same indecision, the same drifting and wavering, obtain to-day in exalted circles and in humble ones as to the two closely correlated questions: "How shall we treat Germany commercially and socially after the war?" and "How shall we utilise the patriotic enthusiasm throughout Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and elsewhere, in order to make the Empire a far firmer knit and consolidated body than it is at present?"

As to how shall we treat the Germans after the war, there are many suggestions, ventilated freely in Press and touched on in Parliament within the past week or two. Some people want a judicial separation from Germany for a term of years. Others declare the only safe way is outright divorce for all time: we are not to go into business with the enemy; not to buy anything from him nor sell anything to him. We are never again to intermarry with Germans—they are to have neither bed nor board with us. Others again would even insist that what sounded in our ears in the past as harmony we must condemn henceforth as rough music—not even Mozart, let alone Wagner, is to survive among us. A wave of strong, indignant feeling, genuine feeling, is passing through the country and we are high on the crest of it to-day. The horrible treatment of the population of Lille and the murder of Captain Fryatt have roused a feeling against Germany as indignant as it ran when Edith Cavell was murdered or when the "Lusitania" was torpedoed. This, truly, is a barbarous and non-moral nation, we protest, and it will be impossible to have further relations with her in the future. But it is wise to bear in mind that to-day we are on the crest of the wave of natural and righteous indignation; and that after the crest follows the trough. So that it is always doubtful whether after the war great numbers of people will be in the same mood for adamant punishment as they are in to-day: frankly, we do not believe they will.

We believe that the best way, the practical way, to prevent a recurrence of the German peril and of

the German crimes after this war will be to unify and consolidate the whole British Empire by one grand defensive and commercial union.

If the statesmen will accept this as their clean-cut thesis, advance it, adhere to it resolutely from this time forth, in regard to these questions of trade after the war and our attitude towards Germany after the war, they will take a great stride towards prolonged peace, and they will take the best precaution it is possible for this country, at any rate, to take against a recurrence of the German peril. A self-supporting British Empire, suitably and uniformly armed against anything like German aggression, would prove the most powerful instrument for peace ever forged.

If we could have accomplished this magnificent project five or six and twenty years ago, when the more generous spirits of young England were beginning to be intent on it, if we could have done it thirteen years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain started on his crusade, the war might not have occurred. But such a project implies, necessarily, a national tariff all round and a national service all round; and thirteen years, to say nothing of twenty-five years, ago, both these obligations were condemned by our old school of statesmanship as anathema. It was even thought they would lead, not to peace, if we adopted them, but to quarrels and bloodshed. The "very wise men" told the "fools" that if we did these things we might have a war with Germany! We did not do them; we shied away from the grand vision of Imperialism; and now we are in the pit of Armageddon.

Progress is being registered at length to some extent, thanks to Mr. Hughes and Australia and to Sir George Foster and other Canadian statesmen—and thanks still more to the magnificent soldiership of the Australasians and Canadians in Gallipoli and France. Yet the clean-cut thesis—namely, that the best way this country has of preventing a recurrence of German aggression and crime after the war is to rivet very firmly the iron bands of British Empire—is still to seek. The Greater British statesmen, those named above with others, advance it in plain enough language, but it would be idle to affect that it is insisted on here at home with the same authority. One observes, rather, that it is advanced here gingerly or even fearfully. We promise to give the matter "due consideration", and those who inquire about it may expect to be told that it is "being carefully borne in mind". Indeed, everything given out on authority about the defensive and commercial union of the Empire on a self-supporting basis strikes one as the exact contrary to clean-cut: it appears nothing if not penumbral and equivocal.

It is true, of course, to say that now, during the war, as well as immediately after the war, we shall—in commercial questions—have to consider others besides Great and Greater Britain: that we shall have to consider our Allies, and also, in a degree, friendly neutrals. Thus, obviously, the Paris Conference, though a step in the direction we desiderate, because it was a step towards breaking down the ramparts of a fossilised commercial system, was concerned with Allies; and until the war, if not the whole settlement of Europe, is off our hands we cannot actually carry through any great scheme for consolidating the Empire, and for making it self-supporting commercially and defensively. But what the statesmen can do, and should do, now is to advance this splendid thesis of Empire, and resolutely keep it before the public. Over

and above the Paris Conference, over and above any steps that may be taken to punish Germany, to restrict her commercial licence, and to prevent her deluging the world in blood again, they should keep this Imperial vision constantly and freshly before the British people. It is to-day a practical thesis in working politics. Years ago we used to be told that Imperial federation and consolidation were not business propositions; that they were "beautiful but ineffectual angels"; that the Colonies did not want them, or at least were not going to alter their trade arrangements in favour of such visions. But that day has utterly passed. Hughes, Foster, Mackenzie have all within the last few weeks, speaking authoritatively for Greater Britain, declared the Colonies do want and will make sacrifices for them; and they have urged us to meet Greater Britain in the matter. The problem of the Imperial Parliament or Council is a practical problem, the problem of national service within the Empire as a whole is a practical problem, the problem of an Imperial tariff is a practical problem. They must be taken in hand, and they must be solved. And there is not a week, a day, to be lost. Let us set to work at once in tremendous earnest upon them.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND HER ALLIES.

ON 31 July the Emperor Francis Joseph—or the routine of statesmanship by which he is guided—marked the second anniversary of the war by writing to the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers. He wrote in the same words to both, and it would be easy to ridicule the letters. But ridicule published in Great Britain has no effect in Austria-Hungary, and he who scoffs at the manifestoes of a foe is likely to misunderstand the influence of political strategy. No harm can ever be done by giving cool attention to the calculated actions of an enemy. Consider the position in which the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers concocted their new appeal to a mixed population humiliated by a great many recent happenings. What were they to say, and in what elusive words could they express vague sentiments of feigned confidence? Not a vestige of good news came to them from the Italian front; and how could they pass over with easy silence the increasing toll of divisions captured from their armies by Russian invaders? Even when Francis Joseph and his councillors thought of their allies they had nothing but a record of vassalage to depress their low spirits, since Germany has treated the Dual Monarchy as her appanage. After three centuries of rivalry the Hohenzollerns control the Hapsburgs in their political game of chess. And there is no tact in the rule of Potsdam and Berlin. To end the second year of war by putting, or by trying to put, the Austro-Hungarian armies under Hindenburg—"our Hindenburg", the Germans say—was galling to Budapest, whatever it may have been to more docile Vienna. Add to all these particulars the loss of Bukovina, encroaching dangers in Galicia, violent scenes in the Parliament at Budapest, and the uneasiness with which Hungary waits, day after day, for news from the Carpathians; then it is easy to see that the Manifesto of 31 July was painful and perilous to write.

In their literary skating over the most delicate thin ice the Emperor and his advisers are not at all inept. They pretend to be filled with high satisfaction when they look back upon the grievous struggle which somehow justifies afresh their confidence in the invincible power of the Monarchy. After this flourish of trumpets they salute the armies of their "glorious allies", who help the brave sons of Austria-Hungary to resist the constantly renewed attacks of superior forces. Then the Emperor begins to speak "in fatherly anxiety" to his own peoples, and he says precisely those things that nations in trouble wish to hear until

their courage snaps, or until they pass from war into revolution. Here is the main point of the Manifesto in so far as it concerns foreign readers. Not much is known in detail about the political and economic conditions prevailing in Austria-Hungary; they are bad, no doubt, but the tone of the Manifesto would be foolish if the people were as hostile to the war as they are to bad generalship. If Austria and Hungary are on the edge of peace, as many Englishmen believe, the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the bidding of bad statesmanship, is an ironist.

He tells his "beloved people at home" that they "display the high measure of enthusiasm in the fulfilment of duty which is appropriate to this great and serious time". Thanks to their "mighty will for victory, they make with manly determination every sacrifice required to secure a future honourable and permanent peace. With proper appreciation of the measures necessary for the welfare of the Fatherland they bear the restrictions of economic life rendered necessary as a result of the war". So the Emperor feels the anxiety of a father, and "shares with all his loyal subjects the care which . . . they bear so steadfastly, their pain for the fallen, their solicitude for dear ones in the field, the disturbance of the fruitful labours of peace, and the serious deterioration of all conditions of life. . . . In these grave but hopeful days of remembrance", the Emperor continues, "I am impelled to let the population know once more that their untiring patriotism and courage in sacrifice fill me with proud joy, and I recognise with a grateful heart their valiant behaviour, which is an assurance of final success."

Either these sentences are deliberate ironies, or they come from a statesmanship that still perceives much reserved strength in the Austro-Hungarians. No harm will be done if the latter view be accepted as a working hypothesis, for the mistakes that do harm in war are those that undervalue a foe's resistance. More than fourteen months ago the wildest rumours were current here about jaded Austria and hungry Germany; they were printed with joy by many papers and swallowed eagerly by many persons, and those who declined to accept them as facts were regarded as unpatriotic. Since then the blockade has produced facts pressing with such force on the Central Powers that their populations everywhere feel the tightening pinch of hardship, and among the poor of privation. A 4-lb. loaf of rye bread is 10½d. in Vienna and 8½d. in Berlin. There is a milk famine in Vienna, and the quantity of fat which can be bought by one person on the market there is limited usually to half a kilogramme. Vienna provides free daily meals for 54,000 poor, and there are cheap kitchens for those who cannot pay the full market price for plain food. Everywhere in the Dual Monarchy there is real hunger, for everyone needs some food or other that belongs to the civilisation of ordinary times and that custom has rendered necessary to sound health. Yet it is better not to insist much upon these matters, partly because they cannot be judged correctly at a distance and partly because the good weather has improved the prospects of the harvest season. A fairly good harvest will relieve for a time the stress and strain, but it will not prevent the Russians from defeating and capturing the Austro-Hungarians.

A great many things are known about the privation through which Germany is passing. Ever more and more our blockade limits the food supply and produces unrest and chattering discontent. German officers at the front are worried by the despondent letters that their men receive from home, and many neutrals who have been doing war work in Germany have run away from short commons and high prices. The butter ration, when it can be got, is a hundred grammes a week; the meat ration in Berlin is reduced to a weekly half-pound; bread is poor and dear, and only two eggs per person may be eaten in a week. Scores and scores of similar facts could be given, but Germany thinks of the harvest season and fights on. Here and there

the scum of her population boils over in a riot, and it is said that Uhlans have used their lances and infantry their bayonets; but since the fighting qualities of the German troops remain what they have been, too much attention can be given in England to the civic and domestic troubles that press upon Germany.

The blockade is not helped by talking about its effects, and for some months after the harvest many of the effects will weigh much less heavily on the Central Powers. Meantime, the military strength of Germany must be broken, and this means that as many Germans as possible must be killed in battle. To compel the Huns to use up their reserves is the governing aim of the Allied strategy. How else can a great military Power be really beaten—and made to feel that she is beaten? Defeat by blockade might leave the German people with their pugnacious vainglory; while disaster on stricken fields cannot fail to convince them that it is unprofitable to plot barbaric war against Europe, and to commit crimes of violent infamy.

To appreciate their present energy in industrial work for the war, we note their output of coal, of iron, and of steel. In twenty-seven days of May the Rhenish-Westphalian Coal Syndicate raised to the surface 8,435,000 tons of coal; and the sales in May were the highest during the war—8,543,117 tons, including the coal employed in the making of coke and briquettes. As for the production of pig-iron within the boundaries of the German Customs Union, it was 1,112,574 tons, while in May of last year it was 985,968. Again, in April of last year the production of steel ingot was 1,019,151 tons, while in May this year it was more by nearly 393,000 tons. An inference can be drawn from these figures: it is that German workmen in the most necessary trades must be fed as carefully as the German troops. They form another army to be broken and beaten.

THE ENGLISH FARMER AND GERMAN AGRICULTURE.

THE fields now ripening to harvest have been slow in their advance this year, while haymaking, protracted to a later date than usual, has presented the illusion that it is still early summer. But the fine weather of recent days has given the prevalent green of the corn ample touches of the mature gold, and shortly, perhaps, one may hear the usual grumble of the farmer in a sunny season that there is not enough rain for the roots. The farmer will always have his grumble—it is the English privilege—and be ready to prove that it is impossible to make anything out of his vital business of supply. Nowadays he has a great chance to do his best for himself while he is doing his best for his country, too; and, if he had of recent years moved with the times, he would have long since been able to do better for both. There are, of course, exceptions to this verdict; but the farmer in general is not so eager for new knowledge and revised ideas as he might be. If leaflets demonstrating the way to grow richer crops than his are to be had, he is apt to pay no more regard to them than to the leaves on the trees. He puts his failures down to the inclemency of the weather or to the stubbornness of the soil. The first cannot be altered, though much has been done by the use of glass; the second can. Anyone who knows the country can see the difference between good farming and bad, but few as yet in or out of the business know where chances are lost and what can be done to the best advantage. Agricultural chemistry is a new science; its practical demonstrations—and an ounce of solid results is worth pounds of advice on paper—have not reached the eye of the ordinary farmer; and, bound to the land, he is not the sort of person who reads much or goes outside his own country.

A Parliamentary paper just published concerning "The Recent Development of German Agriculture", by Mr. T. H. Middleton, shows what the Germans have been able to do within the last thirty or forty years, and how they have been able to do it. How

vital the business of agriculture is, how it affects the very existence of a country, is shown by Lord Selborne in a few words of preface. They are few, but sufficiently startling. At the Board of Agriculture, where he has been so busy for the farmers' sake, he has studied German methods, and it has become clear to him that, "if agriculture had made no more progress in Germany than it has in the United Kingdom during the period 1895 to 1915, the German Empire would have been at the end of its food resources long before the second year of the war."

Agriculture has, in fact, been a weapon in the war. For "arma virumque" we might read "arva virumque", "arva" being the eared or arable lands. The modern Aeneid of the making of a nation is also a Georgic. Throughout the nineteenth century British farming was the best in the world. It is still second to none in some respects; it can boast very fine cultivation of certain crops and the best specimens of certain forms of live stock; but in the amount of food produced from the soil, which is the vital matter, it does not occupy a satisfactory position. How does Germany compare in this matter with ourselves, and what can be learnt from her methods? We have been deluded into extravagant belief in the mental Kultur of the Germans; we ought instead to have been investigating their culture of the land, which has had such solid results in maintaining their ability for ruthless warfare.

Mr. Middleton proves by a multitude of figures the recent advantages gained by Germany. Taking for the two periods 1885-89 and 1909-12 the output of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, he finds that in England and Wales the yield per acre has been practically stationary; but the second period in Germany shows in every case a large increase on the first. Yet the British farmer is generally supposed to have the better soil. Other figures are equally striking. In milk production the German yield exceeds the British by about 50 per cent. within the period examined, which we have no reason to regard as abnormal. The average German farmer devotes much more space than the English farmer to crops like potatoes, which figure largely in human food; and he has in the beet which makes sugar an industry practically unknown in this country. The German annually ploughs more than twice as much of his land as the British farmer, and—here we are reducing the disparity—employs six times as many women on regular farm work.

How has Germany's favourable position been achieved? It is the result of organisation, the cultivation of higher education in agriculture, and a settled economic policy. There can be no doubt that the Imperial Government has of late years deliberately and definitely aimed at a large increase in food production from German soil. "German economists, and with them the majority of the German people, though well aware of the disadvantages of protection, supported tariffs on agricultural produce, because they were convinced that their first endeavour must be to secure, not a cheap but an assured source of food."

But the German farmers have also done much to organise themselves; their leaders regard the best cultivation of the soil as a duty to the Fatherland; and the German idea of thoroughness is fostered by numerous agricultural societies.

Thus the farmer in Germany has excellent chances, but his actual increase in production is not due to these. It is chiefly due to the increased use of artificial manures. This source of fertilisation was emphasised by Treitschke long since, and Germany is in a favourable position to use it, since the country contains not only large deposits of potash salts, but also light soil specially fitted to profit by them. On the other hand, the British farmer is credited with wasting much of the effect of his farmyard manure through improper storage. The beet crop is recognised as of immense service to German agriculture, and so is the assistance given by forests, which provide work for rural labourers in the winter months. This combination of forestry and agriculture as summer and winter employment supports a considerable rural population

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ment of the year 1916. They see the Entente Powers daily growing in strength, in unity of purpose, in fixed determination to achieve their aim, and they look to their supreme War Lord to extricate them from the gathering clouds of embarrassment. The Kaiser knows better than any German what a highly-strung machine is the German Army. Lying bulletins are now employed to transform marked reverses into significant victories. His confidence in the enormous influence that he exercises upon his army is shown by the manner in which his orders for repeated efforts at hopeless ventures in counter-attacks are implicitly obeyed. But there are signs that reciprocation of this confidence is being strained. Nobody knows better than the Kaiser that a definite order for the retirement of his armies either in west or east might be the prelude to the break-up of his authority and shake the very foundations of the German Empire. He knows that nothing but the showing of a bold front will stave off collapse. He may be trusted to hold fast to the last to the great gains which the early advances brought to his arms. Although driven back slowly step by step, he will continue to bolster up the hopes of his people in the belief that they are still the conquerors in the strife, and, pointing proudly to his war map, prove to them thereon the huge assets for a successful peace that he holds within his grasp. The Allies in both theatres have every reason to hope devoutly that the obstinacy of the Kaiser against bowing to the inevitable will dim his vision to the correct reading of the military situation which confronts him. In his stubborn refusal to accept the fact that he has lost the initiative in all theatres of war, it is not unlikely that the first intimation he will receive of the approaching downfall of his hopes of victory may come from his own soldiers. There is a limit to the physical endurance of men when two are called upon in war to perform the task which demands three if not four. In the absence of reinforcements or reserves, the more prolonged the defensive trench lines are the greater the strain upon the defenders. There is a limit to elasticity. No longer can the Kaiser rely upon strategic reserves, fresh and ready to hand, to throw into a fight, whether he chooses it to be an offensive or a defensive one.

The later stages of the long struggle at Verdun revealed a secret. The first efforts made by Germany on the Meuse were, as we remember, on more or less extended fronts, and were attended with but partial successes. Prolonged intervals between the German efforts were imposed owing to the necessity for re-making the corps and divisions which had been smashed in the fire fight. What fresh divisions there were that could be thrown into the furnace, came, not from the interior, but were withdrawn from troops along the strategic front. The guns and munitions were constant and never-failing, but as the gun-power of the French gradually equalled that of their enemy, the former could calmly await the moment when the onslaught of the German had expended itself, and then seize the opportunity for the *révanche*. Our Ally is resuming the mastership of the great salient at Verdun.

In the fight on the Somme the Germans have discovered another secret. They have learnt that before them is an army with a momentum that can push them by sheer courage and weight from the most formidable of entrenchments. With attacks localised, and with hammer blows dealt with the briefest of intervals, the progress of the Allies has been assured. The German counters with his well-known persistence, but the effect is no longer what it was in days of old. He is given little time to get breath for each new effort, and he is fain to acknowledge, war-tried veteran as he is, that in sheer fighting fibre he has met his match in the British Armies of the new model. It is owing to the fact that these new formations of our own can both give and take punishment that the heart will be knocked out of the German. Our casualties in the first weeks of the struggle on the Somme may perhaps total the entire strength of our first four divisions that opened the contest on the Sambre

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 106) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

WEST AND EAST.

ON the authority of no less a personage than the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz, it was said during the period of the last great war in Europe, in 1870-71, that the German people came to the conclusion that "an army can triumph itself to death". This sounds paradoxical, but may be true. An unbroken chain of victories over their adversaries in that memorable campaign which culminated in the débâcle of Sedan and the surrender at Metz, when the last of the field armies of the regular troops of the Third Empire had been swept from the arena of strife, would justify the soldiers of the conqueror in hoping that war must, from the nature of events, cease, and the combatants be permitted to return to their peaceful occupations. The great armies of the present day press when in their mobilised state with such weight upon the life of nations that the most rapid release from this pressure is in itself a law of self-preservation. It is upon a correct appreciation of this trial that the German war-directing authority bases its strategy on the certainty of reaching a quick and favourable decision. So superior was Prussia to her enemies in her conception of war methods that the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 were comparative walks-over. Not so in 1914, although we cannot deny that Germany for nearly eighteen months enjoyed a taste of victory. The martial ardour of the nation could not fail to be inspired by the recurrent peals of triumph. It is difficult to believe that, with the reports of such constant successes, the great majority of the people were getting tired of war. It is, however, when the first note of failure is struck that the true steel in the heart of a nation becomes apparent. If a people sicken in heart when war pursues a favourable course, how much more quickly will the feeling of entire exhaustion of martial ardour come over those who have to endure the effect of reverses and retreats. The German people, not the German soldiers, are at length beginning to realise that for the past six months their diet of victory has been faked. They cannot fail to see that two great blunders in naval and military strategy have altered entirely the whole picture of war since the commence-

two years ago, but the gain has been priceless. Our newly-blooded armies, raised in our family of nations, have established their moral superiority over the enemy in their very first passage at arms—and, what is better still, the enemy knows it. There are signs that depression among the German people is spreading to the ranks. The daily haul of prisoners that is made by the Allies, both on the Somme and on the Meuse, affords a means of gauging the real spirit of both the German people and of the army. Letters from the homes of the prisoners are not untruths—and private diaries found upon the dead tell a true tale. It is significant that the Kaiser himself has thought fit to make an appeal to encourage the moral of the nation. With us 'tis just the reverse, for the nation calls aloud to its rulers to make still further efforts.

There are yet many milestones on the path of the Allies towards the goal that they have set forth to reach. They will not traverse the route except at a pace which must be leisurely, but at each step forward they will find that the moral ascendancy that they have won in a fair fight will lessen the resistance that will have to be overcome. By the battles on the Marne the Germans lost the campaign in the Western theatre. By the battle on the Somme they stand to lose their hopes of winning the war.

The story of these drooping hopes would be incomplete without an allusion to events that are taking place on yet another river. Cadorna, freed from all anxiety as to his communications in Venetia, has launched his long-postponed offensive on the Isonzo. The Italian army, far from being shaken by recent events in the region of the Trentino, has found its recuperative powers sufficient to justify an onslaught in a surprise movement which has carried its arms at one blow through the Austrian positions which it has striven for a whole year to overcome. The haul of prisoners made in this attack is significant, not only in point of the numbers taken, but also of the moral condition of these victims of war. The Italians, by their latest move, are playing their part in the co-ordinate strategy accepted by the Allies. The Dual Monarchy, already severely strained by repeated defeats elsewhere, will have to fight out this contest in the south with its own right arm. There is no spare German unit available to stiffen the resistance. The shadows may, indeed, be said to be lengthening on the House of Hapsburg.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

The directing War Staff of our Russian Ally, which quickly realised that when the armies of the Czar had been reorganised and reconstituted they could strike where they elected, on the offensive, has been amply justified. It saw before them a hostile line of Austro-German armies of necessity unduly extended, depleted of strategic reserves, owing to calls for spare and available troops for distant operations, and could read and discern rightly that with forces thus disposed upon a long front, no designs for an offensive movement could be expected. The fortune of war, added to errors in strategy on the part of the Central Powers, had tacitly allowed the initiative to pass to Russian arms. We were destined to see a new interpretation of strategy when superior numbers and a gun power almost equal to that of her adversaries, added to the advantage of possessing the initiative, were found to be in the hands of our Ally. We are somewhat apt to forget that two years ago, when the war broke out, Russia was the European Power that alone had gone through the experience of modern war on a large scale. True, there was an interval of ten years since she had learnt in the school of Manchuria what the latest developments of the art had evolved. Yet a taste of the latest principles and practice could not fail to be of service. The student of war who cares to follow the movements of Brusiloff's armies in his great offensive campaign, which was launched on 4 June in the area stretching south from the Pripet Marshes to the confines of Roumania,

will recognise in the operations that followed, especially in those in the region of Lutsk, the tactical handling of armies on a scale very much on the lines employed by Oyama in Manchuria. The Russian general is fortunate in having among his subordinates many leaders who bought their experience in the Manchurian War. They were destined to learn at Liaoyang, at the Shaho, and at Mukden that it was the policy of the defensive which entangled and defeated the great masses of gallant troops that were at the disposal of Kuropatkin. It was but a repetition of the answer to the same question put to France and the Boer Republics: Can victory be won by purely defensive tactics? The elements of tactical advantage lie in (1) surprise, (2) advantage of ground, (3) numbers, (4) simultaneous attacks from several quarters. Our Ally, with these advantages, marched through the Austro-Hungarian armies in 1914 on a broad front in her stride through Volhynia and Galicia. She has initiated her campaign of 1916 on a still more extended front. She has in her march forward discovered the strong and the weak points chosen by her enemy in his enforced system of passive defence. We see the bulges in the hostile line of resistance that mark the progress of the victorious armies of Russia in their first steps through the weaker system of defence being gradually lessened in prominence, as the enemy is being elbowed out of his stronger posts. Some fine manœuvring, worthy of the pupils of Oyama, has been brought into play. The great German counter-offensive directed from Kovno has been anticipated, and the heavy gun material destined for the support of the hostile hammer blow has been captured before it could get into position. A war of movement has revived after weary months of the depressing influence of the dug-out. The campaign on the Stokhod, with Kovno for its objective, has taught the German that once more in the East he will have to reckon with an opponent who can handle good fighters with the best of adversaries; while Sakaroff, in his brilliant succession of victories which have led to the capture of Brody and of prisoners innumerable, must have convinced the Archduke Karl that the Austro-Hungarian is no match for the soldiers of the Czar. So thinks the Kaiser, it is said, and dissension in the camp of the Central Powers is reported to be acute. With the passing of the initiative from German hands both in the West, South, and in the East into those of the Entente Powers, we can discern likewise the surrender of moral—the very backbone of the goddess Victory.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE REBUILDING OF RUINED TOWNS.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

I HAVE been to see a so-called Exposition de la Cité Reconstituée, which sprawls over the best part of the Tuileries, is seen from every corner of the Place de la Concorde, has been patronised by President Poincaré and half the Cabinet, is trumpeted by all the Press, and is a shameless fraud.

Everybody must think sometimes of Louvain, Ypres, Arras, Rheims, or Senlis, and it is difficult to run one's eye along the black line drawn across the maps of Northern France without remembering the matter-of-fact but startling description by Mr. George Adam, the Paris correspondent of the "Times", "of that belt—ten miles wide and nearly five hundred miles long—of misery and ruin". Somehow we are apt to imagine that there is enough left of the Rheims Cathedral, even of the Cloth Hall at Ypres, to make a reverent restoration, even a reconstruction, possible. What the Venetians did after the collapse of their Campanile others can do too. But who will preserve the character of the thousands of villages which were part of the landscape two years ago, and within two years will be brand-new communities? We know only too well what may happen. Many people will be too poor to rebuild

their homes as they used to be; many are too inartistic to wish to do so. It takes a great deal of optimism to imagine that the Senlis bourgeois, who apparently loved his dignified mansion with the tall gables and the harmoniously spaced windows, will not prefer the suggestions of the local architect to his own recollections. The villages between Soissons and Laon, as I saw them month after month before the war from the carriage window, were a delight. Nothing could be more fanciful than the rambling one of their indented gables and the tones of their nearly stone; but did I not see in the suburbs of Laon round the station hideous brick houses copied from workmen's houses at Roubaix, which were themselves eighty years ago copied from Manchester ugliness by the cotton-spinning pioneers? Have I not seen miles of leafy hedgerows, as luxuriantly rank as those of Cornwall, replaced by barbed wires, because the préfet insisted on their being lopped, pruned, and born, and spread the notion that they were a waste of soil? The peasant, with rare exceptions, dislikes picturesqueness, and the provincial builder's idea of beauty does not go beyond a seaside villa.

Many people, therefore, had greeted with hopeful gratitude the announcement, three or four months ago, of an exhibition purporting "to further the necessary precautions for preserving the local styles, whose diversity gives so much charm to the French towns". The pompous enumeration of great people interested in this object-lesson was a guarantee that the motives prompting its organisers must be genuine. Here at last, in this highly individualised France of ours, was an attempt at paternalism of the noblest character. The first articles devoted to the exhibition which I read were, it is true, frequently touched in the doubtful French which betrays industrial advertising, but there was reassuring mention of M. Maurice Denis as one of the exhibitionists. As a matter of fact, the Exposition de la Cité Reconstituée is an enterprise of pure, though shamefaced, commercial character, and it is inexplicable that the President of the Republic and members of the Cabinet should have allowed the use of their names in its behalf.

The exhibition consists of some thirty or forty wooden houses, schools, or churches, described by their architects as cheap, elegant, and ready for immediate use, which, of course, is a material point in the circumstances. I will not dispute that wooden buildings are ready for immediate use, but the houses destined to tempt poor refugee buyers at the Tuileries are certainly not cheap. The first one you see near the entrance costs thirty-six thousand francs, and apart from one honest, serviceable shed—which the honest, serviceable Quakers, with true practical understanding of the conditions, offer for forty-four pounds—there is not one but strikes us by the disproportion between its possibilities and its financial pretensions. A so-called military abri—in plain parlance, sentry-box—costs nearly nine hundred francs, and the cheapest two-room cottage is put up at five thousand francs. As for elegance, it is obtained by the methods familiar to all fourth-class sellers. A cheap one on a smart-looking dummy does not look cheap until the poor buyer wears it; a hideous wooden building on a terrace at the Tuileries, shaded by old trees, carefully arrayed in rose bushes or creepers outside, and in tasteful woman-chosen curtains and Adam, quick-knacks inside, can be made to suggest camping at, picnicking, and loafing, all aristocratic pastimes; but imagine it on the Neuve Chapelle high road, in year or two, on a wet October afternoon. I was sorry that such an artist as M. Maurice Denis, the very type of refinement and sincerity, should have been decoyed into this place. His Stations of the Cross—fourteen pictures hung in an art nouveau church—would be worth careful study no doubt, but he feels shy of examining them, with one's mind full of the thought of Judas. Every part of this trumpery exhibition gives you the same uncomfortable impression, as if it smirked—as I heard a witty woman say

—at a lot of poor refugees. The feeling is the more unpleasant as the poor refugees—French and Belgian—are actually there, trying not to realise their disappointment, and drinking beer with subdued cheerfulness, as one is expected to do at exhibitions.

Apart from a few imitations of stone or wood which are of real practical interest, there is absolutely nothing useful in this State-patronised show. I walked into the Jeu de Paume, where the purely æsthetic department is supposed to be, with a faint hope of seeing my misgivings at fault, but they were not. The walls were covered, indeed, with plans, but the floor was given up to the stove-maker and the gas-fitter. There was a large plan of what I thought must be a reconstruction of Rheims: it was nothing else than a pre-war design illustrating a modern architect's views on what a quartier de la gare ought to be. On the whole, poor people are delivered up here, as everywhere else, to purely commercial advisers, the architect being the most mercenary of them all. What the average buyer is naturally inclined to demand is something that will make a good show for little money. He will be treated according to his ignorance, not deserts; that is to say, he will be fleeced until he gets enlightened. It is not difficult to see what he will do: he will not buy the wooden houses, which are out of the question in the North of France and in Belgium, and, besides, are here only to shelter furniture, stoves, and bath-room or kitchen fittings; he will pile up a cube of red brick, roofed with corrugated zinc, and he will beautify it inside with "boizine", outside with blue or yellow bricks or with terra-cotta cats, cocks, pigeons, and parrots, of which I saw a coveted lot in tempting array. The "dignities" who abet all this would be very much to blame if they knew what they are encouraging, but they do not: M. Guesde, the member of the Cabinet who is in charge of architectural beauty, treats these matters as the War Ministers of yore used to deal with the problem of heavy artillery: these things evidently ought largely to be left to themselves.

Is there a country where the people who are paid to look ahead and think for their less leisured countrymen manage those things better? Please do not whisper "Germany": in a corner of the Jeu de Paume I saw a few square feet of Belgian plans for the revival of Furnes: they were an amazing contrast to the rest of the show. They made the Belgian visitor immediately realise that his ideal must be to preserve native characteristics in belfry-tower or house. The refugee from the Aisne could easily be given a similar impression. If he saw side by side a reproduction of his own stone house with the indented gables and an "architect's house" with its meretricious ornaments, and if he were told authoritatively that learned people in Paris think that beauty is where he expected it the least, he would be only too glad to believe and, perhaps, to understand the lesson. The next step would be to establish in the stone house a representative from the Crédit Foncier who should explain to prospective builders that an agreement between that well-known bank and the State makes it easy to obtain enough money for a house worth while. But, of course, this would be too simple. It might be the outcome of an American philanthropist's whim; never of the interest of the French State in picturesque beauty. This is dealt with in words and professions.

THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE.*

I.

WE have little doubt that these fine volumes will be the book of the year. They certainly deserve to be, though they appear more by accident than design in the year of Shakespeare's tercentenary. But this is no writing for the occasion, inspired by sudden enthusiasm, and betraying, by its brevity or use

* "Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of his Age." 2 vols. At the Clarendon Press. 25s. net.

of commonplaces, the sort of thing that the public wants for the moment, and forgets to-morrow. The plan of the book was sketched as long ago as 1905 by Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1909 Sir Sidney Lee undertook its production and arranged for most of the contributions. In 1911 he was obliged to postpone working on the book, and in 1914 gave up the hope of completing it. Further editors were withdrawn by war business, but the scheme has been brought to a happy termination by Mr. C. T. Onions, who has been assisted by Sir Walter Raleigh and several other scholars. Mr. Onions has already a claim on the gratitude of students in his admirable Shakespeare Glossary, and as one of the editors of the Oxford Dictionary he has brought to the work a wide scholarship and accuracy in detail which are rare to-day. Bibliographers may complain that the title will cause confusion—indeed, another "Shakespeare's England" so recent as 1889 is mentioned on p. 181 of Vol. 2, but the description is one so natural that it could hardly fail to be repeated, and the scope and learning of the present enterprise are such as to distance the efforts of earlier men. The contributors have been chosen with discrimination; they are all real experts in their special subjects, and between them they represent a wealth of erudition which no single scholar could hope to reach. The thirty chapters extend to over 1,200 pages of text, and at the end of each is a bibliography mentioning the best sources for further information. This adds materially to the value of the book, for to-day it is difficult to find one's way about the vast jungle of the publishing world, and inferior guides have a gift of advertising their services with more confidence than those who know.

A work that is practically encyclopædic offers obvious difficulties to a reviewer. We do not propose to give a list of sections and their authors, but rather, adding a trifle here and there, to dwell on points which have specially interested us in a careful reading. Sir Walter Raleigh, whose prose adorns all that it touches, leads off with a general survey, which emphasises happily the spirit of the age, one of splendid enterprise and such freedom as naturally expressed itself in poetry. Queen Elizabeth, whose reign was distinguished, says Bacon, by "a secure and profound peace", is glorified as the ruler and saviour of England:

"She knew, as all good rulers must know, when to ask and take advice, and she had one of the best of a ruler's talents, for she was a shrewd judge of character. In passionate love for her country and her people she has never been surpassed."

She was an accomplished lady, too, with all her practical wisdom; but she was the daughter of Henry VIII., and one cannot forget the insensate vanity which made so many men of real ability and distinction the servants of her gusty temper and immortal virginity. She was greedy also, and she expected presents on New Year's Day. Everybody gave them, from her tire-woman to Lord Burleigh, and in 1578 she received a sum in that way equal to £8,000 of our money! At least she was not as mean and pedantic as James I., and she had a dignity he never possessed. Fortunately we are not much concerned with the intrigues of the Court or the dismal dissensions of the religious. Shakespeare was an actor and a man of letters, not a theologian or a politician. "He believed", as Sir Walter says, "in rank and order and subordination", though he spoke out freely concerning the abuses of authority. It is finely said here that his works "are the creed of England", he "speaks for the English race", and the Poet Laureate, in his Introductory Ode, makes the same point:

"One with thee is our temper in melancholy or might,
And in thy book Great Britain's rule readeth her right."

But there has been a change in English feeling since Shakespeare's day, and one impossible to ignore. The

eighteenth century made that mixture of vice and virtue called sentimentality fashionable in polite society. In the nineteenth century it affected the temper of the whole people, and in the twentieth it has far too large a share in that revaluation of values which is upsetting the old doctrines and disciplines. The splendour of the Elizabethan age is well exhibited by Sir Walter Raleigh. We can see clearly why Shakespeare protested against tailor-made gentlemen, especially if we follow that excellent authority for the extravagance of the day, Ben Jonson. His clownish aspirant to courtly modes, who perpetually alters his dress after the model of a coxcomb, may well have been taken from life. The funeral of Sir Philip Sidney at St. Paul's was a typical display of elaborate pomp, and before his body was carried across to England the States-General of the Netherlands had asked for the honour of burying him within their dominions and offered to spend half a ton of gold on a memorial.

The Rev. Ronald Bayne supplies a judicious summary of "Religion", and he is wise in deducing from Shakespeare's plays no bias in favour of any special form of dogma. It would be as reasonable to isolate one of Scott's pictures of a minister of religion and declare that it showed his own feelings. We should have been glad to have some account of free thinking. Marlowe, Shakespeare's great father in Apollo, was prosecuted for impiety, and Raleigh, that amazing man who sailed four hundred miles up the Orinoco, wrote the "History of the World" with references to over six hundred authors, wrote also much haunting prose and verse, and started the Club of the Mermaid Tavern, was credited with starting a school for atheism. Giordano Bruno discoursed both in London and Oxford, and was Sidney's friend.

Mr. E. K. Chambers has an enlightening chapter on "The Court", in which a good leg and a handsome person led to the possession of the royal favour and lucrative monopolies. Pretty men and women, too, were impudent, and we like the suggestions that Mary Fitton was the prototype of Maria in "Twelfth Night" rather than the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and that this play contains an echo of an affair at Court. Such echoes are probably not frequent in the plays, for Shakespeare was not happy at Court, according to Aubrey. If he "bore the canopy", as one of his Sonnets declares, he was not the sort of person to have the fact inscribed on his tombstone as the event of his life, like two worthies whose epitaphs the present writer noted recently. The cruelty of the Elizabethan age was exhibited in the Paris Garden. There bears were regularly baited, and thence they were taken to Whitehall for the Queen's special view. Her progresses throughout the country kept her in touch with her subjects—and cost them a handsome outlay of money. They provided amusements for a Queen who loved pastime. We know what they were like, for we have two elaborate accounts of Leicester's lengthy display at Kenilworth, which Walter Scott used to excellent purpose.

"The Army", by Mr. J. W. Fortescue, with a section by Viscount Dillon on "Armour", and "The Navy", by Mr. L. G. Carr Laughton, are notable sketches, full of details not generally known, and well arranged. In neither branch of the service did Shakespeare take a professional interest. The word "colonel" or "coronel" does not occur in his works, and his ideas of military rank are sketchy. We notice that Mr. Fortescue derives "Bezonian" from "bisoño", the Spanish for "recruit". This is somewhat of a novelty; scholars—see, for instance, the "Shakespeare Glossary" of Mr. Onions—usually take the word to mean "beggar", from the Italian "bisogno", "need". No doubt much of the army of the day was beggarly, like Falstaff's ragged regiment, and Elizabeth was sick of the sight of disabled and discharged soldiers, who had many tricks, as Ben Jonson shows, to make a living. But there was no standing army in Elizabethan days; the Navy was different, for it had long been in existence. Yet Shakespeare did not celebrate the glorious affair of the

Great Armada, and the Navy did not long retain its wonderful record. Under James seamen were so badly treated that they deserted as soon as they were pressed. Ships were often short-handed, and "severely scourged by plague". We are glad to see that Mr. Laughton lends no support to the theory that Shakespeare knew everything about every profession. He need not have crossed the sea to learn what he did. He was a natural and wonderful observer, like Walter Scott, who, standing by with apparent indifference while a seaman told a picturesque story, gave an amazing account of all he said the same evening.

"Voyages and Exploration", by the late J. D. Rogers, is a fascinating story. Life in that age was full of wonders which, says Gonzalo in the "Tempest":

"Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of".

This odd phrase is not explained here, but later, under "Commerce and Coinage". It seems that the stay-at-home merchant would bet five to one against the return of an adventurer on a distant voyage. Ben Jonson is quoted at this later reference, but not his more pertinent comment in "Everyman Out of His Humour", where Puntarvolo hopes to make £5,000 into £25,000 by going to the Turk's Court at Constantinople and back with his wife and dog. Coryat was entitled to a handsome fortune on these terms, if he ventured anything, for he hung up his shoes in the church of his native place, when he had covered a distance of 1975 miles in them. The title-page of his "Crudities" figures in one of the many excellent illustrations, and shows the shoes bound together with a laurel wreath. Another illustration reproduces the actual "new map, with the augmentation of the Indies", which appeared in 1600, and which Shakespeare mentioned in "Twelfth Night". The naval adventurers to distant lands were often frank pirates. They were liable, it is true, to the mercy of the Inquisition, when they were captured by the Spaniards, but they hardly taught Europe toleration, which is declared to be one of the virtues of the Elizabethan era. It was an era at once of rapacity and splendour. Raleigh, with all his great gifts, was notoriously unscrupulous, and Hawkins descended to the horrors of slave trading. Monopolists erected trusts of the American sort, and farmers held up wheat for profit:

"What though a world of wretches starve the while?
He that will thrive must think no courses vile."

Compared with such practices, the doings of the highwaymen and other rascals whom Mr. Charles Whibley, in a lively chapter, admires for their spirit are almost respectable. "Education" and "Scholarship" in Shakespeare's day have already been discussed abundantly, but the solid erudition and judgment of Sir John Sandys make an undeniable claim to a hearing. He spares us the extravagancies which have been produced by violent controversialists, and puts us in the way to appreciate the differences between Shakespeare's age and the present. On the whole, research tends to show that Shakespeare relied chiefly on translations. He was no direct borrower from the Greek, as Churton Collins suggested, and in Latin it is significant how little he uses of Horace, whose Odes in his lifetime were not rendered into English. A favourite textbook of the time was the "Zodiacus Vitæ", as is pointed out. The name of the author given, Marcellus Palingenius, is, we may add, a Latin form of Pietro Angelo Manzolli, and his work, which was translated by Barnabe Googe, contains several familiar commonplaces in use to-day: "Most people shut the stable when the beast is lost"; "Be good, at any rate, if you can't be clever"; "One drop does not hollow the marble, and Rome was not built in a day", are specimens of the wisdom of these interminable Latin hexameters. Students should be exceptionally grateful to Sir E. Maunde Thompson for his lucid and

well-illustrated account of "Handwriting", for little is generally known of the subject, and an authoritative decision concerning the various Shakespeare signatures should clear away a good many conjectures. The tradition of Shakespeare's extraordinary fluency in literary composition is fairly adduced as pointing to a corresponding fluency in actual handwriting, and the interesting point is made that Richard Quiney, who was probably, like Shakespeare, educated at Stratford, shows in his well-known letter to the poet (reproduced between pages 294 and 295) the same complicated style of linking letters. It was worth while to be educated in those days, as the chapter on "Law", by Mr. Arthur Underhill, shows. Ben Jonson on one serious occasion claimed "benefit of clergy", and we learn that in the casual English way this privilege was not abolished till 1827, and even then the peers were forgotten. The Elizabethan laws of marriage deserve careful examination, and Mr. Underhill produces a delightful instance of their evasion. Lord Coke married his second wife in a private room, as she would not go to church with so old a man, was prosecuted for this offence, and got off by pleading ignorance of the law!

II.

In science and agriculture the volume is particularly strong. Mr. R. E. Prothero ends his discussion of Elizabethan crops and flowers by noting some strange omissions in Shakespeare's flora. We take it that Shakespeare's lore in this respect belonged mostly to his early days, and some flowers which were rare then became common later. Thus Turner, in 1548, described the lily-of-the-valley as "growing plenteously in Germany, but not in England that ever I could see, saving in my Lordes gardine at Syon"; but Parkinson, in his famous "Paradisus" of 1629, speaks of the "lily convally" as growing "abundantly in many places in England". Closely connected with Mr. Prothero's article is another by Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer, on "Plants". He brings out clearly the fact that Shakespeare relied for the most part on the traditional botany of the English people, which owed nothing to foreign sources. The use of plants as similes at this time is apt to be forgotten by a modern reader. For instance, the association of rosemary with remembrance is not a mere piece of pretty sentimentalism. Ellacombe, an excellent authority on the "Plant-Lore of Shakespeare", does not point out that "oyle chemically drawne from" rosemary was, among many other uses, employed to "strengthen the memory". "Folklore" has a chapter to itself, by Prof. Harold Littledale, and figures also in "Medicine" and the more fanciful "Sciences". We are told that an excellent doctor prescribed the wearing of an Eastern "hyacinth" as a specific against plague. This is the sort of remedy that would appeal to the superstitious to-day, but the nature of the stone remains unexplained in the text. Several gems besides the jacinth were called hyacinth, and seem more suitable in colour to be named after the flower. A garnet was the best esteemed stone for an amulet against plague, the cramp, and convulsions, and may have been meant. Prof. Littledale's article is close packed with quotations and explanations, but Max Müller's philological theory of the barnacle goose is surely out of date. The origin of this ridiculous myth has been ingeniously worked out by a French scholar, who goes as far back as the designs on pottery of Mycenaean artists. A summary of the argument and evidence was given last year by Sir E. Ray Lankester in his "Diversions of a Naturalist".

The sections on "The Fine Arts" and "Sports and Pastimes" are full and informative. One would like to play primero, as the imposing Elizabethans do in the illustration opposite page 472, but not even the extensive erudition of Mr. A. F. Sieveking can tell us all the details of this game, which seems to resemble poker. The term "deck" joins Elizabethan card language to American. "London and the Life of the Town" live again under the hands of that accom-

plished antiquary, Dr. H. B. Wheatley. He is less definite about the disreputable property of the Bishop of Winchester than a previous contributor (Vol. 1, p. 438), and he has some passing references to a subject which might have almost run to an article—the bad language of the day. Ben Jonson's Bobadill swore by "the foot of Pharaoh", and, apart from the many misuses of the name of the Deity, which were characteristic of the period, there is abundant evidence that swearing was regarded as an art, like the taking of tobacco. A pretty man would punctuate his conversation by fantastic achievement in both directions. There are naturally many references to the Tower in Shakespeare, but it is clear that he did not care for architecture as such. That taste was to come later, as is shown by a famous reference to Congreve in Boswell's "Life of Johnson".

Passing over such themes as those of authors and publishers, and actors and theatres—not because they are not ably discussed, but because so much has been already said about them of late years in many quarters—we note that Mr. Percy Macquoid has gathered much of interest concerning "Costume" and the arrangements of "The Home". Beautiful as most of the Elizabethan chairs are, they are not comfortable to our modern and more luxurious taste, and "day-beds", which were probably introduced towards the end of the sixteenth century, figure twice in Shakespeare. Queen Elizabeth, we are told, spent her last three days reposing on cushions on the floor. But a passage in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster", which Mr. Macquoid does not quote, implies that to set cushions on stools or in the windows of the parlour or dining-room was tavern manners. The "well-to-do bachelor" mentioned on page 134 seems to be the William Darrell of page 106. Here and elsewhere—e.g., in the various comments on tobacco—we should be glad of a few more cross references. We mention the point, however, chiefly to show that we have read the book with the close attention it deserves. The subject of dancing has taken on a new interest since the revival of rustic sports of that sort. The Morris dance is undoubtedly Moorish in name, but the Hay, or Hey, of disputed etymology, need not be French. The dance in the fifth act of "Love's Labour's Lost" may have been performed to the simple and effective tune of Shepherd's Hay, which Londoners of to-day have heard in Warwickshire. But if the dancing has been revived, the dialect is gone, or going. The old Warwickshire servant who was Shakespearian in "douting" a candle, and the old gardener who talked of "keck", a reduced form of Shakespeare's "kecksies", have given place within living memory to others with more elaborate and possibly less effective language. How much our tongue has changed in pronunciation and in its inflections is shown in a masterly article by Dr. Henry Bradley, who closes the vivid and varied pageant with "Shakespeare's English". No one ever had such a vocabulary as the Warwickshire wag. Here was one, indeed, born to excel "the quirks of blazoning pens". He wrote of "none-sparing war". Who has bettered the adjective?

The book is produced with all the care we expect from the Oxford Press, and indexed in three separate sections devoted to passages cited from Shakespeare, Proper Names, and Subjects and Technical Terms.

IL SERAGLIO.

By Πικρός.

IT is frequently said that Mozart was not a dramatist. We can all agree that Mozart was not a dramatist in the sense that he was not Molière or Beaumarchais. Apart from this profound matter of general agreement, the saying that Mozart was not a dramatist has simply to be met with a contradiction as flat, insolent, and entire as one can make it. In all other senses—in all the senses in which it can be said that a musician is dramatic or not dramatic—to say that Mozart was not

a dramatist is on a level with saying that Shakespeare was not a poet or that Plato was not a philosopher.

Mozart wrote his loveliest, happiest, and most enduring music for the theatre. He had open to him every other musical means of expression—the symphony, sonata, quartet, and so forth—and he explored and mastered them all. More particularly, he had opportunities which no musician has to-day for thoroughly exhausting the possibilities of concerted music in a small room, and in this kind he has written music which is as near to a perfect expression of what is most permanent in humanity and nature as all but one or two practitioners in any of the arts can hope to get. Nevertheless it was to the theatre that he gave his best. Surely this was rather strange for one who was not a dramatist. It would seem to deprive those who say Mozart was not a dramatist even of that partial justification which would attach to a similar saying in regard to Beethoven. Of Beethoven it can at least be said that he wrote his worst music for the theatre with the greatest pain, and that his one opera remains to this day of more account for its overtures than for anything therein contained. Mozart, on the contrary, took as easily to the theatre as the swan takes to water, and, presumably, not being a dramatist, was drowned. It will be pretty generally admitted, even by the starkest of objectors to Mozart's behaviour in the theatre, that his was at any rate a very exquisite and rather a lingering death.

But perhaps those who persist so obstinately in saying that Mozart was not a dramatist mean that he was not a dramatist in the sense that Byron, though he wrote dramas, was not a dramatist. Byron was not a dramatist in the sense that he was never anybody else but Byron. He was a great poet and an even greater wit, but he could no more imagine what it was like to be Cain or the Doge of Venice than Shakespeare could help knowing what it was to be like Hamlet or Dogberry. Does this apply musically to Mozart?

Most emphatically it does not. Of all musicians who have ever lived Mozart's talent was the most impersonal. He could express in his music the feeling of all kinds of people. In comparison with the variety and range of the moods in the operas of Mozart the dramatic music of all other composers seems like a monologue. In comparison with the deep necessity which drove Mozart to the theatre for his medium—the necessity he had to throw himself into the moods of many and various men and women—Wagner's choice of the theatre as a medium appears quite arbitrary and accidental. Wagner happened to begin life with a boy's enthusiasm for the theatre—an enthusiasm no deeper than a boy's beetle-and-stamp-collecting. But there is no reason to imagine he would have been any less immortal as a composer of symphonic poems than as a composer of operas. His operas are as autobiographical and as homogeneous as Beethoven's symphonies. He was no more under the necessity to project his music into Sachs or Tristan than Byron was to project his poetry into Marino Faliero or Manfred. Wagner was as self-centred as Byron and as incapable of writing for anybody but himself. For Mozart, on the contrary, it was almost a condition of his musical being to project himself into the woes, joys, disappointments, anxieties—feelings tender, religious, martial, or mischievous—of all sorts and conditions of men and women. He much preferred to find music for Costanza, Osmin, Pedrillo, Don Giovanni, Leporello, Zerlina, Papageno, than to find music for himself. Mozart was by nature a man detached, observant, touched with the comic spirit—one who liked to contemplate the jostling of diverse temperaments and moods. There was little in his temperament of the inward brooding of Bach, the passionate self-assertion of Wagner, or Beethoven's complete surrender to a pure and an absolute sense of the universal. Mozart's temperament was that of a sympathetic spectator of daily life, quick to perceive and render in music the appeal of things which were all about him. His music is the music of a man of the world—tremendously interested in life,

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not as life presents itself to the mystic or to the aesthete or to the passionate searcher after experience, but as it presents itself to a man at the window. His lovers, revellers, mourners, worshippers, or mischief-makers come to him casually from the throng and he finds them a music for their moods. When Wagner finds music at one time for Tristan and at another time for Parsifal, we know that Tristan and Parsifal are one and the same person upon different days of the week. It is not so with Zarastro and Don Giovanni. When Wagner finds music for Elsa or for Brunhilde we hear no more than feminine antiphonies to Wagner's masculine phrases. It is not so with Costanza, whose music is as maidenly as Desdemona.

Mozart, in a word, was a dramatist to the full extent that a musician may be so described, and he had this advantage over most of his operatic successors—namely, that he fully understood how music could, and how it could not, be dramatically serviceable. He recognised it as the function of music to find suitable expression for the feelings—not the thoughts, features, philosophies, and careers, but the feelings—of diverse men and women in diverse situations. Mozart knew well that you cannot put your grandfather into musical notation, or make a portrait of your wife in crotchets and quavers. There is no such thing as "psychological" music. You cannot present Hamlet in a symphony. All you can do is to find music for the fear and wonder with which he listens to the ghost, or for his tenderness with Ophelia. You may write upon Mozart's operas what Beethoven wrote upon his Pastoral Symphony, and what can be written upon all music that really matters: "Mehr Empfindung als Malerei". He recognised that the merely descriptive or imitative resources of music were virtually exhausted by the primitive onomatopoeia of making sounds like a cuckoo or a thunderstorm. He knew that you cannot describe an alderman in music, but that you can express the jollity of an alderman; that you cannot depict the character of your heroine, but that you can express her joys and sorrows, and give to them such freshness and purity, or such intensity and depth, as lie within your compass. Mozart, in fact, did not attempt the impossible—a circumstance which, added to his lofty indifference concerning the sort of mummery fashionable in this theatre or that, has misled at least one generation of musicians absurdly to undervalue his competency as a dramatist.

However, there are signs at last of a disposition to make amends. The late performances at the Aldwych of "Il Seraglio" were received by a large and crowded audience of musicians with hardly any of those misgivings and reservations which are usually in the air when Mozart's duos and quartets take the place of the more fluent dramatic devices of modern times. It is being realised that the exact form of Mozart's operas is, after all, a very small dramatic matter as compared with his peerless ability to give to his contrasted characters appropriate and individual music. More particularly there was last week no suggestion of embarrassment or of the antique world in the demeanour of the actors and singers. The little comedy in quartet form at the end of the second act, for instance, was played quite naturally, without any of the customary stiff embarrassment. One felt that Sir Thomas Beecham's singers realised that what they had to deliver was no pre-Wagnerian makeshift, but a skilfully-written scene whose strict formality only the more piquantly emphasised the vernal freshness of the music. The same impression was created by the lovely close of the opera, with its reiterated musical stanzas in celebration of the Pasha's "noble deed".

There remains only space to say a few—too few—words about these Aldwych productions. Altogether they were, perhaps, the pleasantest enterprise of the whole season. Mr. Allinson's costumes and setting were just right in their variegated and gay formality. The singing was, some of it, superlatively good, and all of it, after the first night, was adequate. Mr. Robert Radford put into the part of Osmin all the resources of

a fine voice and a broad, infectious sense of humour for which very few have hitherto given him credit. His first solo, under the fig-tree, made his audience sure of him for the rest of the evening. Mr. Alfred Heather was also most comically right as Pedrillo, his serenade in Act III. being one of the successes of the opera. Mr. Maurice D'Oisly, who immensely improved his reading of Belmonte between the first and second performance, clearly enjoyed his lovely music and was entirely admirable in his solo in the last act. The Costanza of Miss Mignon Nevada was in some ways a triumph over difficulties. Miss Nevada has a voice admirably pure in soft passages, but its tone is soon exhausted, and in forte passages tends to become metallic. Moreover, she cannot—is there anyone who can?—sing the ornate passages of Costanza's part as though they were the natural utterance of distressful feeling. But her sure dramatic instinct and thorough musicianship enabled her to give a performance which was thoroughly distinguished and enjoyable.

For the rest we can only record that Sir Thomas Beecham subdued his orchestra to the singing and kept the opera joyously swinging from number to number. To him we must give the credit for treating Mozart in this twentieth century for what he is—a composer whose music still has the freshness upon it of morning dew. The ink might still be wet upon the sheets of "Il Seraglio". There is here no sign of age or decay, nor will there be after much of the music still celebrated as modern has been almost wholly forgotten.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR BOER BROTHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 August 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent in your issue of 5 August, page 136, may not remember that the native servants of our Boer Brothers speak Dutch, and that the native languages are not cultivated compulsorily in the colonies of the Netherlands. Whatever innuendo may be drawn from my letter as to the dying language, or as to the dead language, of a conquered country, I certainly do not advocate its unnecessary revival. Latin and Greek, taught at school, are definitive languages, and apart from other considerations they are of much value for grammatical and derivative reasons. That cannot be said for the Irish language, which, moreover, is of no commercial value.

Let the antiquary, if you will, study Irish for philological purposes, but do not revive it and force it in the schools!

Your correspondent alludes to the fact that Dutch is taught compulsorily in South Africa: has he taken into consideration the number and the area of the Dutch-speaking population in South Africa and in other parts of the world? The population of Ireland is about four and a half millions, and that of Holland about six and a half millions; but the colonies of the Netherlands have a population of about thirty-eight millions. The value of Irish is trifling compared with the value of Dutch; at all events, for commercial purposes.

The subject is one on which one could write at great length, many illustrations, some of which I have suggested already, coming to mind. But I maintain in brief that Irish should not be taught compulsorily in the schools in Ireland, mainly because it is a powerful weapon, which is used, for sedition.

Yours faithfully,
LEES KNOWLES.

IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 August 1916.

SIR,—Many ways of settling the question of the government of Ireland have been expounded in the columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW and its contemporaries, but what

appears to be ambiguous is that not one of them suggests that the people of the country concerned should be consulted in the matter. It seems that the politicians are the only people that matter. If we are still to retain the honour of being the guardian and upholder of the liberties of small nations, why do we not adopt some method whereby the people of Ireland will be safeguarded from the machinations of its politicians? "Trust the people" was a cry that was very much to the front recently. Why not trust the Irish people with their own salvation? Put them on their honour, as it were, and it is certain that the people of England will never regret, whatever its decision. There is one thing that we can safely say, they will not put the country into a worse state of chaos than the professional politicians have placed it. There is enough bloodshed taking place in other parts of the world without it being necessary to call upon Irishmen to shoot down their own countrymen. If the Irish rebellion could have been avoided it should have been avoided, and it was the duty of those responsible to have worked to that end. As it is, blood has been spilt, and it will be a generation hence before the animosity that has been left behind dies out if the settlement of Ireland is left in the hands of the pseudo-politicians who are undoubtedly responsible for allowing feeling in Ireland to reach such a tension as that which culminated in the rising of Easter week, 1916.

Yours truly,
A. ELLIMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Scarcroft, near Leeds,
7 August 1916.

SIR,—Surprise is often expressed at the fact that Ireland, after thirty-five years of generous legislation, is still discontented and disloyal.

The truth is, of course, that State generosity rarely satisfies anybody, since it is generally assumed to be actuated by political motives, while all those who do not benefit feel a rather natural resentment towards those who do. Thus to-day there is a demand for the splitting up of the large grazing farms and the spoliation of farmers who yesterday benefited by the spoliation of the landlords.

When you banish political economy to the realms of Jupiter and Saturn, you cannot complain if it is accompanied by honesty and justice.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

ORIENTAL LIGHT CAVALRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
7 August 1916.

SIR,—In your issue of 29 July Lt.-Col. Yate, in "Oriental Light Cavalry", quotes a passage from Lord Curzon's work, referring to Persian horsemen, which recalls to delighted memory Gibbon's lines on that subject:

"From the age of seven years the nobles of Persia were taught to speak truth, to shoot with the bow, and to ride; and it was universally confessed that in the two last of these arts they had made a more than common proficiency" ("Decline and Fall", chapter 8). The dry humour of this brief comment, with its fine irony of omission, pleases more perhaps than Lord Curzon's somewhat embroidered development of the theme. And is not the suggestion that veracity is an *art* a happy and unlooked-for note in an eighteenth-century writer?

Gibbon maintains that the Persian light and heavy cavalry were *equally* formidable.

Yours faithfully,
AURIOL EDITH DAVIDSON.

THE PURSUIT OF LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Manchester, 31 July 1916.

SIR,—I saw last week in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 22 July an article with, I think, the above title. Anyhow,

it was a scholarly production, which gave one reader at least great pleasure. I venture to think that the author was rather severe on Harbottle's "Dictionary of Classical Quotations". Of the two Horatian extracts, "Ab ovo usque ad mala" and "fallentis semita vitæ", the version of the first is indefensible, but may I plead for some mercy for the "pathway of my declining years" for the second? Surely we cannot think that any scholar could take "fallo" to mean "I fall". In the equally well-known line from Horace, "Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit" the dictionary gives Conington's paraphrase "Life *unnoticed* is not lived amiss". Doering's note on "fallentis" is, Supply "oculos", and this seems to me to hit the meaning well. Compare Gray, "the consecrated vale of life". But I have good authority in favour of the book. The work was reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 5 March 1898. That review is a "possession for ever". It is packed full of classical lore. I transcribed the most of it at the time, and I am sure a reprint of it would delight all classical scholars, both professional and those whose work in life has led them far away from such studies. The writer of your article would be in full agreement with the remarks of the reviewer on the decay of classical studies. The latter continues: "The compiler of this volume has produced the best dictionary of classical quotations which has yet appeared". He goes on to give a history of various quotations, which leaves the reader nothing to desire except that the writer should go on. Here is a sample: "The famous 'semel insanivimus omnes' for the identification of which Dr. Johnson was offered ten guineas will be found in"—no, I shall not say where, only remarking that Dr. Johnson found the author by accident, and that many years after. He investigates the authorship of "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas", a quotation which is ludicrously familiar to me in the Yankee version of a slightly altered original, "I may cuss Cicero, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas".

I find the book fine confused reading and a pleasure to dip into. It is useful, too. I was asked to give the source of that beautiful epitaph, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse". I failed. Harbottle came to the rescue, though I could scarcely trust my eyes when I read the author's name.

From the witty verses at the end of the article I gather that the author will not accept Professor Murray's versions (and may I add the brilliant tours de force of Mr. Way?) as a rapid guide to the appreciation of the beauties of Euripides.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN SCOTT.

"HOWLERS IN LATIN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—May I quote another "translation", also from Virgil, "Arma virumque cano": "Arms for the man and poison for the dog"?

Yours truly,
GEORGE IVES.

"THE DECAY OF FAITH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Scottish Conservative Club, Edinburgh,
30 July 1916.

SIR,—It seems to me that this correspondence would be more correctly entitled "The Decay of Credulity".

I regret that I have not seen the entire correspondence; but hope to look up the back numbers later.

Does faith ever decay? It is very unlikely. When umquhile faith is weighed in the balance and found wanting, it turns out that what was regarded as the faith of men has only been the credulity of children. Where looseness of thought reigns there will always be found the tendency to regard faith and credulity as if they were synonymous terms. A living example of this tendency is before us now, to wit: until recently faith in German "Kultur",

as a saving grace, was widely disseminated over the civilised world; but now we know to our cost that it has only been credulity, imposed upon by a barbarian shibboleth. But in the midst of this nascent disillusionment we are repeating the fallacy: we are renewing our faith in Democracy, because Prussian autocracy can no longer impose upon our credulity—forgetting that autocracy always tends to greater efficiency than does democracy; whether for good or for evil: whilst, on the ground that a people gets the government which it deserves, autocracies or democracies may be either good or bad.

So long as all men of good type remain hero-worshippers, so long will there be faith: and the hero-worship will consist in faith in an ideal, which may, or may not, be embodied in an individual, or in a group of persons. Hero-worship gradually surrounds itself, or becomes surrounded—generally in proportion to the number of persons worshipping the same hero—with tradition, ceremony, and ritual; and the tradition, ceremony, and ritual are apt to become confounded with the exemplar around which they have been grouped, or have grouped themselves. Thought gives rise, from time to time, to a sifting process, which eliminates faith in the exemplar from credulity in the surrounding tradition, ceremony, and ritual: the faith is, then, known to have been virile; the credulity, childish.

Our religious of all faiths have tended to be rather torch-bearers to credulity than window-cleaners to living faith. There can be no finality about a living faith: whenever a faith has seemed to have reached finality, that faith has been either dead itself or corrupted by its votaries. We hear that the Christian faith and the Mohammedan faith, e.g., have, both of them, stifled intellectual development. They have done nothing of the kind; but the belief, taught to Christians and Mohammedans alike, that the prophetic mission ended with their respective prophets—Christ and Mohammed—has. Faith in the ideal of either prophet can enable, and has enabled, men to stand on clear peaks and see unlimited scope for intellectual achievement; but credulity in the efficacy of accidental circumstances attending either prophet—whether such accidental circumstances have taken the form of ipse dixit, anthropical inference, or any other form—has tended towards intellectual stasis.

Faith in cleanliness need not involve the ceremonial adoration of a clean shirt before the boiler of a laundry: nor need forgetfulness of self demand the wearing of a verminous hair shirt. Why will not our theologians and our ecclesiastical Pharisees keep alive the "Philosophy of the Saffron Bag", so wisely and kindly taught by old Mr. Caxton? Faith can and must enlarge the field of vision; whilst credulity is a fools' paradise, whose effluent makes its way to that hell of sterility wherein no real man is wishful to find his place.

Faith in "That something, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness" will never play a man false; it is an ideal, the complexion of which varies with the individual man; and the individual man will neither lay it bare before the high priest of credulity nor proclaim it elsewhere than in the secret closet of his soul. Attendance at churches and mosques and the recitation of creeds and confessions of faith are not evidences of living faith, however much they may be oaths of credulity.

I am no friend to the disestablishment of any church, or to the destruction of any cult: for they are all—however greatly overgrown by adventitious ceremonial, childish symbolism and man-made creeds—traceable to the pure faith of good men in "That something, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness".

But, in our own land, I hope for the time when preference in our national establishments shall be open to good, straight men of the world, who shall not have been required to subscribe to dead creeds, or to idolatrous confessions of faith, or to sign any specified number of articles. If this hope ever be realised, parsons of parishes will shine as officers in the local regiments of the national service forces, as prophets of good in football and cricket fields, and

as leaders and helpers in all wholesome spheres of activity; they will hanker after the cult of the Healer and strive rather to graduate in physic than in theology; they will not disdain the productive practice of any art or craft; and they will testify to the soundness of their faith by becoming masters of some activity the soundness of which can be demonstrated by scientific evidence—so demonstrating that truth is in them. This is the true way to spread faith throughout the workshops, offices, markets, etc., of mankind. If such non-sectarian, non-hidebound methods be followed, churchgoing and other so-called evidences of faith may be left to take care of themselves; for the churches will become—what they really ought to be—guild-halls, and it will be remembered that the best craftsman of the guild is not always he who talks most loudly in the guild-hall.

Yours faithfully,
M. C. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The fact that I am serving at some distance from home delays reply to "A Layman's" rejoinder in your issue of 15 July, which has only just reached me. I regret that he did not reply specifically to my question. Had he done so, the issue might have been cleared. "A Layman" may possibly be surprised to hear that not only am I familiar with "Foundations", but that I had been preaching and teaching much on the general lines of that book for at least fifteen years before it appeared. I am quite aware that it is difficult, if not impossible, to accept certain portions of the miraculous element of both the Old and New Testaments in their literal sense. I do not so accept them. But the literal acceptance of all statements contained in the various books of the Bible is not a part of the Catholic Faith. I do not happen to have my library with me, but, if my memory serves me, Origen, Bishop of Alexandria, a person of whom "A Layman" may perhaps have heard, writes somewhat as follows concerning the Old Testament: "It contains many things that are inept, many that are untrue, many that are silly". The Greek Fathers always recognised that much of the Scriptures could not be accepted "au pied de la lettre". The Greek Fathers are recognised as Catholic. It was the sixteenth and seventeenth century "Protestants" who stereotyped the tradition of the inerrancy of Scripture. Such was not the true Catholic standpoint.

A distinction must always be made between the Catholic Faith itself, of which the Creeds are the expression, and explanations of the Faith, which have constantly changed. That is precisely why I asked "A Layman" to particularise. I wanted to find out whether he thought that any articles of the Faith were contrary to the conclusions of scholars and scientists, or whether merely current or popular interpretations of some articles were so. It does not, for example, seem to me that "Foundations" contains anything contrary to the Catholic Faith. It does contain many things which are contrary to certain interpretations of the Faith which from time to time have obtained currency in parts of the Church.

May I once more ask "A Layman" to particularise?

Yours faithfully,
CHAPLAIN, R.N. (Temporary).

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

1 August 1916.

SIR,—In the enthusiastic welcome accorded in some quarters to the revival of the Channel Tunnel proposals of the early 'eighties, we have one more instance of the seeming inability of a certain class of publicist to shake off his peace-time habits of thought. Confronted by cumulative evidence of the superb adaptability of a very large proportion of the community to war-time conditions, people of this type continue to visualise problems in which military considerations are inseparably involved precisely as they would have visualised them two years ago—from the commercial, or from the Utopian, never from the military standpoint.

Thus, the "Daily Chronicle", on 27 July, heralding the meeting of British and Allied Channel Tunnellists (if one may coin the word) to be held at the House of Commons on the day following, published an interview with M. Yves Guyot, one of the leading French delegates and a distinguished economist, in the course of which he made this statement: "As to the strategic possibilities of the scheme, they can be easily shown to be all in our favour". Two days later the same journal prefaced its report of the House of Commons meeting in these words: "Though there can be little doubt now that as soon as the war is off our hands the building of the Channel Tunnel will be undertaken, opportunities for concentrating and developing public opinion are valuable".

So much for the commercial point of view. What of the naval and military attitude towards the matter? By a curious coincidence there appeared in the "Morning Post" on the day that the Guyot interview referred to above was published a timely résumé of the highly condemnatory views held on the subject by the leading Service men of a generation ago, from the pen of Admiral de Horsey, concluding with the following striking protest from the then Commander-in-Chief: "If this tunnel be constructed, I wish to record my opinion, an opinion shared by the ablest of our officers, that our only possible security can be found in creating an army on the Continental scale, which would probably entail the necessity of a compulsory system of universal military service. . . . I would most earnestly beg Her Majesty's Ministers to pause ere they accept for the nation, whose destinies are in their hands, a new element of danger, which will threaten our national existence".

That the military experts who held such views thirty years ago might have modified them somewhat in the light of recent events is quite conceivable. It is not conceivable, however, that they would have repudiated them altogether. They would never have lost sight of the fact, as we certainly ought not to lose sight of the fact, that, no matter how safeguarded it may be, the existence of such a means of communication would add to the sense of national insecurity in time of war.

The greater the number of gates to a beleaguered city, the greater the anxieties of the garrison. When this war began, as all through our past history, there was one gate, and one only, through which every enemy must pass—the gate which the Navy holds. Already we have seen the beginnings of possible leaguer by air as well as by sea. Are we now to become so ill-advised as to listen to the plausible arguments of commercially-minded or impossibly idealistic publicists who would fain persuade us to the adoption of a third avenue for potential danger?

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

THE HOHENZOLLERN CONTROL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“There is only one God, and Hohenzollern is His agent”: thus in the manner of commercial utterance, which Germans appreciate, may be found a formula to describe the spiritual attitude of their race from the time when the Prussian kings first realised the potentiality of their well-drilled hordes, up to 1914, their fateful year, when, convinced that the hour had struck, they started on the adventure which their Prophets declared would give them universal rule. A gigantic effort has been made to justify the forecasts of their seers, and they are still struggling courageously with the powers which, to their surprise and indignation, have sprung from the vasty deep to oppose them.

The Germans are the willing subjects of a beneficent tyranny, the first principle of which is that, in return for dynastic power, their ruler will assure to them material prosperity secured by dominance in trade, supported by millions of bayonets everlastingly ready to strike out of its path all other competitors. An economically worked civil service administers the State, completing an organisation which, whatever faults it may have, has earned the admiration of friends and foes.

The Hohenzollern has secured the loyalty of his subjects by the glamour of military success, and further by the control over education which has prevailed in Prussia since the time of Frederick William the First. Developed since 1871 in the new Empire to the present day, this control, which left no freedom to the individual teacher or professor, has resulted in the moulding of a national intellect to the desired pattern. To have sixty millions of subjects filled with devotion to his house and content with the rules of life and conduct provided by an obsequious educational authority is a security to his dynasty and a huge driving force in war and in trade. Bismarck helped to develop this organisation, but was conscious of its limitations, and warned his countrymen against incurring the hostility of England and Russia. The inferior brain of William II. has failed to understand the monster created by his forbears. The possession of a giant army may have some disadvantages; its sole business is war, without war its officers find preferment a slow process, and a long peace increases their hunger for activity. When the military caste obtains headway wars of adventure are inevitable, and backed by a credulous and greedy financial community the ruler at last makes the plunge which is to add glory to his name and power to his throne. If the assurances of brilliant success are blurred by doubtful victories, and the people are alarmed by losses in manhood counted by the million, they are not reassured by the appearance in their midst of hundreds of thousands of young men crippled, blinded, or scarred for life. Is it not a sign that the All-Highest War Lord may not be the genuine agent of God whose name he has taken in vain on so many occasions of condescending familiarity? The ovations given to a conqueror by his worshippers are easily capable of transformation into curses when murder, rapine, and outrage no longer yield success.

“In the days of King Olaf there came dear times and famine, and the people thought the fault was the king's because he was sparing in his sacrifices. So mustering an army they marched against him, surrounded his dwelling and burned him in it, giving him to Odin as a sacrifice for good crops.”

Frazer, in his great work, “The Golden Bough”, which is well known to German readers, gives the above and many other records of primitive society, showing how kings were accountable to their subjects and the monarch's life became forfeit on failure or incompetency.

In modern times the English and French have both exacted the death penalty from such monarchs, and in our own days it is not unlikely that had Napoleon III. fallen into the hands of his Parisians after Sedan they would have taken his life. A perception that failure might carry risk caused Frederick the Great to leave directions in writing in case of his own death or capture. Said he:

“The Garrison, the Royal Family, and the Treasury are inseparable. They always go together. To the Treasury must be added the Crown Diamonds and the Royal Table Silver. . . . If I should be killed in action national business must be carried on without the slightest change. The rendering of the oath and the act of homage to the new ruler should take place as quickly as possible throughout Prussia, and especially in Silesia.”

The German people may soon ask themselves how much they are indebted to the Hohenzollern family for their present position and its likely development, and the rest of the world may note, too, to what a pass a military caste, headed by an ambitious ruler, may involve the masses on both sides, who periodically have to pay in blood for tolerating such governors.

It has been observed that in most European wars excesses have been commenced by a rough soldiery led away by lust and drink, who have escaped out of control of their leaders. In this war, however, the incitement has come from the highest quarters, and the Emperor has never hesitated to urge his warriors to acts unworthy of savages. He has also the distinction of having introduced poison gas, liquid fire, and aerial midnight murder of harmless women and children. The German people, although quite willing and anxious to use these and other methods to the full, may

yet have occasion to consider the position in which their reigning house has landed them, and may visit their resentment upon the head of the ruler if he looks for shelter at home when the enemy thunders at the gate.

Were they to hang him, in shining armour, as high as Haman, it would not undo the death and suffering he has cost humanity. It would, however, usefully mark a stage in human progress, and serve as a beacon light to rulers of men who enter on war "in high spirits", as Count Bülow recently described it.

Your obedient servant,
NEMESIS.

ENGLAND'S ARMY IN FUTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

7 August 1916.

SIR,—The present dislocation of society in England, the sudden outcome of the war, may find its parallel in the stirring times in Egypt, the details of which are quaintly related by D'Israeli the Elder. At the crisis to which the author alludes, and when conscription was the order of the day, we find how all the civil duties of the State were conducted by the Egyptian women, how all the mercantile interests of the country were undertaken by them; nay, even the entire machinery of the Law Courts was confided to their care, with the result that not a few handed down their names to posterity as eminent judges, illustrious alike for their legal acumen and the lucidity of their judgments. In all respects the results appear to have been highly satisfactory and the mercantile world very prosperous. Even the occult mysteries of the Egyptian Temple did not deter the fair votress.

To return, however, to our own country. May not our present experience prove a warning that England may, in future, be exempt from such another extremity as that by which we are at this moment overtaken?

For example, if an army of 1,000,000 strong was in readiness in Canada there would exist no occasion for the present stern necessity from which there is no escape. The different paths of life commence in the early stage of youth; great are the gaps and very different are the several pursuits and education. It may also be fairly asserted that two years' active service will entirely unfit the majority of the survivors to return to those duties for which their education qualified them. However patriotic England's sons doubtless are (as they prove themselves to be), it is unreasonable to expect that the ranks of her land forces should be filled up by keepers of miniatures, pictures and books, and others who have followed sedentary occupations. In these circumstances such an army might be rendered almost self-supporting. From a social point of view the scheme would have this great advantage, that every soldier might have his wife and family, whose sons would be soldier-born, and after the completion of his term of service retire with the reward of a peaceful acreage. It is unnecessary to point out that the hardy agriculturist becomes the durus miles beyond all dispute where native strength and seasoned hardihood must ever play the chief part, even in the modern warfare of machinery.

Doubtless this suggestion may involve some difficulties, not so great but that they could be overcome; not infinitely, however, so difficult as those which confront the nation at the present moment.

Since we have been pre-warned ages ago by Divine prescience that wars and rumours of wars will continue to exist to the "crack of doom", the preaching of universal peace becomes not only a vain delusion but a fatal snare, as well as a certain destruction to the safety of the Empire. In ancient Rome it was customary to close the gates of the Temple of Janus in times of peace, and unless my memory plays me false, this event only occurred twice during the whole period of her history, and that only for very short duration.

Yours, etc.,
OSBORNE ALDIS.

REVIEWS.

THE NEXT STEP IN IMPERIAL POLICY.

"The New Empire Partnership: Defence, Commerce, Policy." By Percy Hurd and Archibald Hurd. Murray. 6s. net.

THE authors of this book are specially qualified to write on the two most important aspects of Imperial policy—the Navy and trade. In the multitude of great problems that will demand consideration after the war the most urgent for our race will be that of the next step in Imperial partnership or federation. Already every kind of policy is being advocated, and the need of study and knowledge will be urgent if a clear view is to be obtained, and if the democratic discussion which moulds our public opinion is to be profitably directed. This volume, plainly written and easily read, is specially valuable, because it shows how much has already been accomplished under pressure of war, and because it gives much information on Canadian and Australian opinion, which is far too little studied in this country.

Is the future relation between England and the Dominions to be that of alliance or active partnership? Before the war many would have been content with alliance, but now all men, to whom faith in the British race is the most stimulating motive in life, realise that partnership is necessary. One of the greatest events in our political history was the Canadian election, by which the Dominion definitely repudiated the doctrine of "Canadian neutrality" which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had advocated. His proposal was that Canada should be unaffected by a British declaration of war unless the cause of war was approved by the Canadian Government, and apparently by the Ottawa Parliament. In a sense Laurier's doctrine, which in no way prevented the distinguished Canadian statesman from supporting the present war when it broke out, may logically follow from the principles of full Colonial autonomy in which we all believe. But its practical consequence was disruption, and against that the Canadian revolt was decisive. How, then, is local autonomy to be reconciled with partnership? We have made one or two great steps towards solution by inviting Colonial statesmen to the Imperial Defence Committee, and also to the Cabinet itself. But these incidental recognitions are little more than signs of what must become a regularised policy. The Empire, as Sir Robert Borden said a year ago, can never be quite the same again. The issues of peace and war do not concern the people of these islands only, and the new democracies have a right to be consulted on Imperial policy quite as strong as the right of the British and Irish peoples. But even under our Constitution peace and war are reserved to the Executive—the democratic control of foreign policy is the idlest of fancies. Therefore it is in the Executive, the Cabinet, or Supreme Council, that the Ministers of the Dominions must have the right, not the occasional privilege, of hearing the secrets of Empire and expressing the views of their own people. No man has ever devised a scheme of Parliamentary federation which would be reconcilable with the full local autonomy of each great Dominion, but representation in the Executive, which has nothing to do with local taxation and local controversies, is a simpler matter. Moreover, there is nothing sacrosanct about our home Cabinet. There is no reason why there should not be an Imperial Cabinet distinct from the Cabinet formed for domestic policy, and consisting of those Ministers only who are charged with Imperial functions.

Unity of control in certain matters is an essential if the Empire is to be more than a name; but that unity need not depend on the supremacy of the House of Commons. The Premier must depend on that House, but, if a distinct Imperial Cabinet were created, the fundamental lines of Imperial policy might be kept free from the vicissitudes of Ministries responsible to a constantly changing Parliament. We must have unity of control in naval matters, and probably

this war has convinced the Colonies that the sea is one and that their interests will be best secured by one Admiralty Board for the whole Empire, if they are properly represented on that Board and if no attempt is made to assess the proportions of the naval burden. When we can further secure unity in matters of trade, immense advantages will follow. All these questions are elucidated in this admirable and timely book.

INSTINCT OR INTELLECT?

"The Investigation of Mind in Animals." By E. M. Smith. Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.

THE simplest meaning that can be given to "mind" is the capacity of learning through individual experience. In this sense it is distinguished from instinct, which is capacity for doing things determined by hereditary impulse and structure. Making this distinction, mind can be traced down to very low animal organisms, even to the protozoa, which may exhibit certain preferences and avoidances as the result of experience, though its effects are very transitory. But the really interesting question is how animals acquire this experience, and if any of their mental operations resemble those of human beings. Mr. Smith explains and describes the experimental investigations which during many years have been made by animal psychologists, and critically analyses the procedure, furnishing the reader with the results, in his opinion, that have been obtained. As for the kind of learning which depends on a capacity of seeing the relation of one thing to another, he thinks there is some evidence for it amongst the higher animals; but it is rather slight and not at all conclusive. Take an experiment where an animal has seen a human experimenter, or another trained animal, pull a bolt which opens a door, behind which is some tempting morsel. After seeing this a number of times, the animal may pull at the bolt, but not appear to understand that it must clear the staple.

Of all these artificial experiments, however, we think it may be objected that, though they are instructive in many ways as to animal behaviour, they are not the aptest means for settling such a point as this. The circumstances arranged are not natural to the animal; and its mind is not playing freely on them. A monkey will, of his own accord, use his blanket to draw in food too far away to reach with his arm, or will draw up a hassock to stand on in order to reach food on a high table. A pointer will sometimes adopt, untaught, the plan of running round cover so that he drives the game toward his master. If these are not cases of judgment, then, as Mr. L. T. Hobhouse observes in "Mind in Evolution", the whole proceeding becomes unintelligible. In the case of the monkey who used his blanket as a sort of lasso, he was taught, by imitation, to substitute a stick; and, when this stick was placed out of his reach, to drag it near with another stick, and so use it again for drawing in the food. Possibly he might not himself have hit upon this complicated device, and it might be argued that he was merely imitating an act which brought a desired result without this imitation involving what Mr. Smith calls "inferential imitation". There seems less conclusiveness in this devised experiment than in the following instance known to the writer of this review. A kitten was brought up with a dog which had been taught to sit up and beg for food. Without any training, which would probably have been labour in vain, the kitten, simply by noticing the dog obtaining food by sitting up, acquired the same habit. If this is not inference, no other word appears available for describing it; certainly not instinct, as it was purely a matter of individual experience. Animal psychologists speak of association of one thing with another in memory whereby animals (like man) recognise that one thing being present another may be expected; but they suggest that this does not imply inference or judgment as it does with man. A dog hears his master's footstep outside a door and barks recognition, or a cat

walks round you on seeing or hearing the preliminary signs of approaching dinner. Again, if this is not what we call in humans an inference from particulars to particulars, language cannot define the distinction. And animal psychologists will also say that animals do not form "images". But what does the dog or cat do, if it has no image of the yet invisible master and the dinner is still in the kitchen? Most probably the dog or cat has no ideas about masters and dinners in general, and does not place the particular instance under a universal proposition. Such a proposition, however, is only the formulation of general experience, and it is on particular experiences of events that men make their practical judgments, not on the proposition; and apparently animals do the same within their mental limits. And the similar question whether animals have "consciousness" depends on what is meant by this term. Mr. Smith says we know nothing about animals in this respect. Well, except by analogy we know nothing of other men's consciousness. We suppose others must be conscious in some such way as ourselves; and we infer that consciousness differs in quality and quantity in individuals. Unless we do this we cannot understand each other at all. And so we simply cannot conceive how either man, or dog, or cat can diagnose the footstep or the dinner situation without what we call consciousness, however much richer and distinct human consciousness may be.

In any case, even if animals have but a modicum of inferential capacity, their instincts improve with practice. Instinct, like reason, is sketchy in the beginning; and it also, again like reason, is not always a safeguard against absurdities. Amongst other instances given by Mr. Smith there is the ant that has the custom of laying its eggs in small depressions; but it will deposit them there without discrimination, even in front of the parasite that feeds on its brood. He refers, without approving, to the theory that there is a definite imitating instinct leading an animal to copy the behaviour of other members of its species. He perhaps minimises this tendency too much, on the strength of the experiments referred to. It is true that animals are remarkable for their indifference and lack of attention to the acts of other species, unless their instinct of fear is alert about them. A cat is one of the most unlikely animals to imitate any other; yet the kitten already mentioned imitated the dog so far as to achieve a surprising and most un-catlike noise, which could only be called growling, on hearing unfamiliar noises outside.

The "homing instinct" of such animals as bees, ants, dogs, and birds is no nearer comprehension than it has ever been. Whatever its basis may be, it is not independent of experience; and the assumption of a "sixth sense" is at present just as mysterious as the earlier assumption of miraculous instinct. Mr. Smith's view is "that all that can be properly understood by the homing instinct is the basic 'impulse' to regain home after absence, together with the tendency to make use of certain sense data or impressions and of associations between them to achieve that end." In his chapter on homing he gives many examples to support this proposition. Certainly to a considerable extent education by experience is clear; but what the relation to it is of the supposed "sense of direction" or "sense of position" remains unknown. The formula which Mr. Smith employs on several other occasions must also serve here: "What does emerge clearly is the necessity for further investigation." None the less his contribution to this attractive but elusive subject of animal psychology is valuable.

A GLORIOUS MAN.

"Memoir and Poems of A. W. St. C. Tisdall, V.C." Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.

IT is the hard paradox of this war that we are proving our value as a people, proving that we are fit to go on ruling and civilising on earth, by the loss of the best youth and manhood of our race. If

inary is not particulars nction. animals dog or master probably dinners assistance position, rience, at men sition; mental s have y this animals know ppose s our- rs in o this o we or cat with- richer

we could only fight and win the war, and yet spare for the future work of Great and Greater Britain in the world our young heroes, our happy, fearless warriors! If we could only conserve them somehow, and sacrifice instead, in the cause of the Allies and of civilisation, our tired Tims, partisans, self-seekers, ambushés, and second-raters generally—that would be a much better plan: to keep the heroes for the great work of to-morrow, and throw away instead the husks. But it is a plan, unfortunately, that cannot be worked out in practice, because a country, at her supreme crisis, is bound to prove her worth by sublime daring and self-sacrifice, and this she can only prove through the chivalry and courage of her nobler sons. It is a terrible hard truth, but an absolute truth, that the greater the sacrifices in a mighty struggle which a country is called on to make, and makes of her best, in youth, generosity, courage, the surer her salvation when the cause is just and pure. Thus in the death of glorious men like the subject of this memoir there is an ultimate national gain which really far exceeds the immediate loss, though this is so hard to perceive in the poignant present.

Lieutenant Tisdall, V.C., fresh from his University, was clearly of that fine blend, physical, spiritual, and intellectual which has been remarked in the most perfect type of Englishman—a type that has shown itself, through this war, far more abundant in our country than we had recognised. George Wyndham was of this type, and Alfred Lyttelton essentially; whilst those who have been, out of politics, at all concerned in past times with the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, will possibly have found the blend there too. Intellectually young Tisdall wanted, clearly, far more time than was granted him to develop, and it must be said that the verses included in this little volume are largely in the nature of passing experiments; nor are they equal in poetic gift and fire to such work as Julian Grenfell and other young heroes who have given their lives to England have left us. Nevertheless, the bits both in verse and prose which this memoir includes from Tisdall and his intimates do outline a splendid all-round man; whilst the story here told by sundry observers of Tisdall's conduct on the terrible Beach V at the Gallipoli Peninsula on 25 April 1915 is a story of supreme valour. Who can doubt, reading it, that in days of old Tisdall would have played the part of Quintus Curtius, at his country's call leapt into the gulf to help her in her need? We hear much to-day of the will to power, of the will to victory: now Tisdall, V.C., united both and surpassed both by his will to fearlessness. He started with fear, as he laughingly told his comrades, and in his short and fiery pilgrim's progress he speedily reached perfect valour, tenderness, manhood, in the shadow of death and crossing the stream.

In all the records of Gallipoli—perhaps taking old and new together, the most romantic and the most battle and valour haunted strip of earth in the world—the act of Sub-Lieutenant Tisdall on V Beach must be starred. During the landing from the "River Clyde" Tisdall, hearing wounded men crying for assistance on the strip of beach, two hundred yards from the entrenched enemy, who were pouring in a frightful fire from rifle and machine-gun, jumped into the water and went to the rescue. By some marvellous chance he succeeded in reaching the shore by pushing a boat in front of him through the shallows and rescuing wounded men lying in the open. Not only this, but he returned, always under heavy fire, and rescued more men, till, finally, he had made four or five trips from the "River Clyde", each time bringing one or more wounded men back to safety and medical attention. Tisdall—who was splendidly aided on two of his trips by Leading Seaman Malia, and on other trips by Chief Petty Officer Perring and Leading Seamen Curtiss and Parkinson—came out of the ordeal untouched. He mentioned it to none of his friends, and he seemed to think nothing of it. It was all in the day's work. Less than a fort-

night later he was shot dead in a general advance on the Turkish position. It was impossible that such a man, so utterly fearless of death and wounds, so wrapped up in the safety and welfare of those around and serving under him, could have lived through the Gallipoli campaign. We suggest that, for the glory of God and the honour of England, Cambridge should pay some signal and lasting tribute to this man, in stone or in bronze.

THE ECONOMY OF WAR.

"National Power and Prosperity: A Study of the Economic Causes of Modern Warfare." By Conrad Gill. With an Introduction by Professor George Unwin. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

BOOKS on political economy, so called, put us in mind of a story about Charles Darwin. Wallace asked his friend in 1881 to read "Progress and Poverty", a cocksure treatise by Henry George. Darwin promised to try the adventure, though he expected to be defeated. "Many years ago", he wrote, "I read some books on political economy, and they produced a disastrous effect on my mind—viz., utterly to distrust my own judgment on the subject and to doubt much the judgment of everyone else!" A great and humble naturalist could not possibly understand the bemuddled tenets which economists decorated with profuse cobwebs of the study. He knew so much about the rule of strife among living things, while economists rested their hypothesis of free exchange on the comic assumption that human nature was a lamb in its attitude to strife, and that the Great Powers would remain at peace. A great many wars had been fought, they said, but they did not come from the inborn belligerency of mankind; they came from certain fallacies in statecraft and from certain vices in kings. Correct these vices and those fallacies, by bringing them in touch with studious arguments, with economic "principles", and all would be well. Wars would cease, and peace would begin to reign for ever. Then all nations would have a common interest in trade, and would exchange their products in the freest manner, each of them enjoying a paradise of easy profits.

This emotional utilitarianism was mainly British. It culminated in the feeble orgy of sentiment that played the fool with common sense at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Then, for twenty years, Europe was shaken by war after war, and three victories in rapid succession enabled Prussia to transform the political outlook. Instead of the calico millennium promised by British economists there came a military spirit that peopled the Continent with troops; and industrial affairs grew ever more and more pugnacious, what with strikes at home and tariffs and trusts abroad. Germany's open aim was to ruin the trades of other countries by dumping her goods into their markets and by gaining control over those metals which were most necessary to armed warfare. Everywhere in the British Empire she found a decadent prosperity that could not take care of itself because it chattered about the "principles" of economics instead of guarding itself against unscrupulous attack. Even to-day, as this new book proves, our economists have still to learn that the biological rule of strife is inevitably active in trade as in all other competitions. When old Adam Smith tells his readers to note the tendency of every man to follow his own interest, and the uniform and uninterrupted effort of every man to better his condition, we are all face to face with the eternal human elements of strife. "Man is born into the state of war", says Emerson, putting into simple words a truthful warning that economists are never tired of denying or of burking.

Mr. Gill has nothing new to say, but turns over with a light and easy skill the old stock of schoolroom doctrines, in which human nature is never active enough. His aim is to seek the economic causes of modern warfare, and he writes clearly on the old Mercantile System and on its partial survival. But

Mr. Gill is always a bookman, very ingenuous and pacific; he seems never to have experienced at first hand what strife means in the outside welter of human realities. He writes like a man who began to teach as soon as he left college; he has the cosy confidence that teaching stereotypes when it earns a settled income. At the very time when statesmen say that the Entente Allies are fighting for the little nations Mr. Gill writes as follows:

"Above all, the idea of national interests remains—the greatest and worst survival of mercantilism; and it is . . . one of the main underlying causes of hostility between peoples."

Could anything be more ingenuous? Evolution produces national feelings and needs, these produce national interests, all human and wonderfully varied. It takes ages and ages to form a language and a nation, and then some economist from a classroom says: "What a thousand pities! These national interests are all at odds with my principles. Instead of proving the universal fraternity of mankind they are suspicious and quarrelsome, turning tradesmen into soldiers and wealth into armies and navies. People really believe that national power is essential as a defence to national prosperity, and are willing to die in battle rather than be gentle citizens of the world. How very terrible!"

Mr. Gill is particularly afraid of the "economic interests", but he does not define them, for economists bury great things alive in a cemetery of vague phrases. If they told us that economic interests mean the stomach and the home in political affairs their utilitarian optimism would be impossible to advocate, because everybody knows that the stomach and the home are not pacific agents in any type of society. They keep the fighting spirit of men and women vigorous and active, and make finance as relentless as the sea. Recently our colliers threatened to strike because the price of coal was being raised against small households, including their own. Not even the vastest war in history is enough when the stomach and the home resent a grievance which is, or which seems to be, unjust and unnecessary. When international trade is looked at from this human point of view, when it is understood as an incessant competition between the stomachs and the homes of eager and ambitious countries, the central point of interest is not the commercial methods governing the daily contest, but the effect of the contest on domestic life in each country. Neither universal tariffs nor universal free exchange would prevent the competition from going hand in hand with success and failure, with victory and defeat; and what country that failed in the general market enterprise would ever be pacific? No nation with forty millions of stomachs will ever be peaceful in bad times; and her danger in prosperity must be remembered, for high profits and a roaring trade, when they continue for a longish time, breed slack minds and enfeebled characters.

It is natural that our economists should try to explain away their many blunders. They told the world that conscription and industrial success could not exist together, that free imports of dumped goods were more peaceful than tariffs, and that a great war between several nations could not last for six months. If they held their tongues for a generation or so their country would gain a great deal. Never do they prove that they understand the battle of life, yet they preach the same old sermons over and over again while standing among the ruins of their old mistakes. Mr. Gill has some advantages over the Hirsts and others, but he does not yet perceive that it was the false teaching of political economists that drugged the people of England, making them torpid in their attitude towards three phases of the German menace—the military, the industrial, and the penetration of high finance. After this war, more than at any time in our history, we shall need for our political guidance the old and true proverb: "Si vis pacem, para bellum". The export trades of the Central Powers must be disciplined

by swingeing duties, and many manufactures must be protected by tariffs in the interests of Imperial defence. And certainly all lecturers on economics in our schools and universities should be tested again by a compulsory examination. What have they learnt from past mistakes and from the war?

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Colonisation of Australia." By Richard Charles Mills. Wick and Jackson. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Mills does well in calling Edward Gibbon Wakefield the Empire builder. He introduced method and organisation in the whole process of colonisation. Indeed, without him it is difficult to conceive how the Colonial Empire of Great Britain could ever have come into existence. "Australian history would have been very different. Swamped by convicts, lacking free settlers, the penal colonies would have grown slowly into large overseas gaols, where the population was divided into an oligarchy of free landowners and a servile class of convict labourers. Wakefield made colonisation self-supporting by a method of land sales, and by introducing free labour he rendered the abolition of transportation economically possible. "The advantage of selecting emigrants, and of keeping the sexes equal in number, needed only to be pointed out for it to be accepted as a common-sense measure, but until Wakefield wrote it was quite overlooked." He laid the foundations of the principles of responsible self-government, and though his nice calculations as to the exact ratio between the price of land and the supply of immigrant labour broke down completely in the gold rush, his system has left a strong mark on the economic and social history of Australia. Mr. Mills is to be congratulated upon writing a clear and understanding account of the life-work of one who deserves to be remembered with honour throughout the Empire.

"History of the Bonin Islands." By Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley. Constable. 6s. net.

Bu-nin-to are the Japanese sounds for the three Chinese ideographs which would be translated "no man island." This is the probable origin of the name. The Bonin Islands—which in the chart resemble the configuration of Great Britain with a broad strait running from the Clyde to the Forth, with Ireland safely tucked away beyond Cape Wrath—lie a little north of the Tropic of Cancer and a little south of the steamer route between Yokohama and San Francisco. They appear to have been never inhabited until one Nathaniel Savory, "an American citizen, but none the less under English auspices," founded a small colony there in 1830. It is a commonplace to say that the British flag follows British trade. So far as the Bonin Islands are concerned it followed too far behind. The British Government cared sufficiently to stop the Americans making a coaling station there, but it agreed to the Japanese Government, with the usual foresight, taking formal possession in 1875. Mr. Cholmondeley's modest history is concerned only with the period before Japanese annexation. Those who have lived under the Japanese flag will appreciate the practical wisdom of the author's reserve. None the less, he lifts the curtain of reserve sufficiently to show that the European colonists, like certain good folk in Heligoland in other circumstances, have "lost their freedom and independence of action" and must "submit to the growing domination" of an alien race.

"Under Three Flags: With the Red Cross in Belgium, France, and Serbia." By St. Clair Livingston and Ingeborg Steen-Hansen. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

We learn that it took little more than three weeks to complete this book, which is available both in Norwegian and in English, the two writers having used their joint notes together as they went along. With more time spent over it, the book might have acquired more form and less of those asterisks which distinguish the casual modern writer. Its main point, however, is anecdote, and here it is certainly striking. We see once more the utterly ruthless side of the Germans and the abundant horrors of war. A shell arrives in a peaceful hospital, and all is changed. Near Termonde the writers came on a regiment of German soldiers, dead as they stood closely packed together. But among this mass of bodies they saw an elbow moving, and rescued a huge German who was un wounded, but had been stunned and unable to move for four or five days at least. This is the sort of horror that happens to the normal man only in a desperate nightmare. It is pleasing to come on an instance of German consideration—the absence of fire during the recovery of a wounded lieutenant who had fallen between two hostile but contiguous trenches. Alas! the other sort of treatment is frequent, and we read of Zouaves put in front of the Germans to prevent attack. The experiences of a Norwegian journalist are particularly interesting, and we get a poignant view of the first Tommies who emerged from the battle of the Marne in a state of absolute exhaustion. Throughout the courage and resolution of the French are splendid.

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